The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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Edward Goadby, an English statistician, has been figuring up the cost of the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Russian conquests in Asia and the French operations in Tunis and Tonquin, and puts the figures at $2,787,500,000.

The new marriage license law in Pennsylvania has proved a bonanza to New Jersey preachers living near the State line. Hundreds of Pennsylvania couples avoid the publicity and expense of a license by crossing the river to have the knot tied.

The Indian women are coming hourly to the front. At a late meeting of the Presbyterian synod of Dakota, the Indian women reported having raised $500 for missionary work among their own people last year. This was more than all the money raised by their white sisters in three societies.

There was a novel affair in Paris lately. Two French women entered into a contest to determine which of them could talk fastest. A common friend was appointed umpire, and the sum of $200 was to go to the victor. For three hours they read from a novel, and during that time the victor succeeded in pronouncing 396,311 words. Her adversary came in a bad second with 203,560 words.

Coral jewelry is daily becoming more costly, owing to the diminished supply of the material. The fisheries this year have been unsuccessful. Few persons are aware of the extent of the coral traffic. Naples alone employs five hundred vessels and five thousand men in this fishery. The Naples merchants export $2,000,000 worth yearly to India alone, to say nothing of exportations to other places in Asia and Africa.

Lawrence Barrett, the actor, has been talking to a reporter, and gives to the world the information that he is now a vegetarian. It appears that he met a physician who told him that Americans ate altogether too much underdone beef, and ruined their lives thereby. Barrett at once determined to leave off beef eating and, although the struggle was hard, he has finally conquered, and says he believes the vegetable diet has improved his voice.

There was a fire in New York city last year for every forty-two buildings, all told, 2,479 fires, with a total loss of $3,789,283. Twelve persons were killed at fires; twenty-three fatally injured; 102 seriously and 190 slightly. Altogether there are 104,102 buildings in the city, exclusive of sheds. The number of buildings uptown has increased, and the number downtown decreased, as large structures take the place of many small ones. In 1883 there were 136 alleged fireproof buildings in New York. At the end of 1885 they had increased to 522, while the buildings that are over four stories high had increased from 8,251 to 14,199. These facts are contained in the annual report of the fire department.

We read in the *Florida Herald* that "the eyes of the Northern mill men are turning eagerly to the comparatively virgin forests of the South, and heavy sales of timbered land are constantly being announced. If the ravenous saw must be fed, and no better and cheaper building material than wood can be devised, then the people of the South should not dispose of their heritage for a mere pittance of its actual value. These huge tracts of yellow pine can be converted into yellow gold, and should not be sacrificed as a worthless possession. We should make the most of our opportunities, and not yield too readily to the pressure of greenbacks. These huge areas of undisturbed trees are daily enhancing in value and importance as the supply in the North and West diminishes. It is idle to talk of the 'inexhaustible' forests of the South, when Mr. Little of Montreal, an authority on the subject, estimates that the saving capacity of the North is sufficient to consume the merchantable pine of this State in less than a year. The South possesses mines of wealth in her noble forests, and they should not be disposed of carelessly, and without a full appreciation of their true and real value."

The Chihuahua (Mexico) *Enterprise* reports the discovery of some remarkable ancient ruins on a hill or mountain four leagues south of Magdalena, in Sonora. The hill is about 700 feet high, and halfway up there is a layer of gypsum which is as white as snow, and may be cut into any conceivable shape, yet sufficiently hard to retain its shape after being cut. In this layer of stone are cut hundreds upon hundreds of rooms from 6x10 to 16x18 feet square. So even and true are the walls, floor and ceiling, so plumb and level, as to defy variation. There are no windows in the rooms, and but one entrance, which is always from the top. The rooms are but eight feet high from floor to ceiling. The stone is so white that it seems almost transparent, and the rooms are not at all dark. On the walls of these rooms are numerous hieroglyphics and representations of human beings cut in the stone in different places; but, strange to say, all the hands have five fingers and a thumb, and the feet have six toes. Charcoal is found on the floors of many of the rooms; implements of every description are to be found. The houses or rooms are one above the other to three or more stories high, but between each story there is a jog or recess the full width of the room below, so that they present the appearance of large steps leading up the mountain.

Professor C. H. Hall thinks that "the farmer is in need of a higher education—the disciplined mind and a larger amount of information—as a means of self-protection, that he may be able to defend himself and his against the sharks and humbugs which so often entangle him. What he wants is ability disciplined, and knowledge widened, until he is able to measure aims, forecast results, and thwart the purposes of his unscrupulous foe. He wants to be drilled so that he may be able to meet the intellect of the knave on the road, of the scoundrel on the street corner."

Washington seems to have two very successful bill collectors. One of these rides a home-made tricycle of peculiar build. If a man doesn't pay he sits on his machine in front of the house, and gazes mournfully up at the windows, bill in hand. "The Tricycle Man" is well known, and his machine always attracts attention, so he has little trouble in collecting even the most hopeless bills. The other sends in his bill in a big envelope that has his name and vocation printed on it in large type. A man doesn't like to get these great circus poster envelopes and so pays up.

A leading Northern physician calls attention to the fact that one of the most common and fatal forms of disease at this season of the year, especially if the temperature is above the freeziag-point, is pneumonia. The illness results from exposure to violent changes in the atmosphere, such as are experienced on going from overheated rooms into the damp, chill air outside without sufficient protection in the form of wraps. Men are tempted to leave off overcoats when called to go short distances, and women neglect to put on the same weight of garments for a brief walk which they are accustomed to wear under ordinary circumstances out of doors. This folly is too apt to be indulged in by persons who room in one house and take meals in another. "It is only a step," they say, but that "step" may be long enough to produce a thorough chill, which induces the conditions favorable to disease. Another danger, particularly to women, lies in the thin-soled shoes worn without rubbers. Ladies clothed in heavy furs and woolen are frequently seen upon the wet streets shod with light foot-gear, regardless of the fact that the extremities are the parts which should be best protected. These common means of defying the simplest laws of health keep the doctors busy and increase the mortality statistics of cities.

A naval officer, in speaking of an associate, said the other day to a Washington correspondent: "He is a good fellow, but he is a Coburger." When asked to explain the term he replied: "There is a certain class of men in the navy who have always held soft berths, and whom it seems impossible to dislodge. They are official favorites, and we call them 'Coburgers.' There are scores of them in the navy department here. I know of one who has attained the rank of full commander, and whose boast is that he never stood a watch.' He was graduated from the naval academy near the close of the war, and promotion was actually so rapid that his boast is the truth. He has been floating round Washington ever since I can remember, and will probably be here when I am gone. There is a choice assortment of soft things in connection with the judge-advocate-general's bureau; Judge-Advocate-General Remey himself has a pretty easy time of it. He is only a captain in the marine corps, but his total sea duty is very small. He has been so long in Washington that people have almost forgotten his real rank. I knew of another case which is even worse. A certain officer, now stationed at the League Island navy yard, hasn't been more than twenty-four hours' ride from Washington for the last sixteen years. The navy department here is full of just such people. How do they manage it? Petticoat influence. I can mention five women in this town who can keep me here until I'm a rear admiral if they only said the word."

Four Thousand Counterfeiters.

In the Treasury Department is one room where there are on exhibition the photographs of over four thousand counterfeiters, writes a Washington correspondent of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Large frames upon the walls and huge albums upon the tables are filled with faces of every age, sex and nationality. Here is the rough, hardened visage of a Caucasian side by side with the peaceful face of a suave and almond-eyed Chinese; here, too, is a youth, with a trace of innocence yet left in the features, side by side with representatives of the sex that gives us birth, and coarse-looking men enframed beside the faces of seemingly refined and polished gentlemen.

Some idea as to the extent to which counterfeiting is carried on here may be formed from the fact that in a vault in the Rogues' Gallery there is now over one and a half million dollars of counterfeit money, all of which has been captured from counterfeiting gangs within the past seven or eight years. Beside this, the government has destroyed two million dollars since the war. I am speaking now only of money that has been captured in the hands of counterfeiters by the twenty odd agents of the secret service.

Very Inconvenient.

A popular clergyman recently related the following thrilling incident: A gentleman shaving cut off his nose; startled at his mishap he let his razor fall, and in falling it cut off his toe. A doctor was summoned, and in replacing the dismembered limbs he made a mistake, putting the nose on the toe and the toe on the nose. This transposition is now causing the man much inconvenience; when he has need to blow his nose he is obliged to take off his shoes.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Burmah is six times as large as Scotland.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

The Summer comes and the Summer goes;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes.
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then all of a sudden—it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know Winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know Winter is come—by the snow.
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

THE WRECKERS.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

Speaking about sharks, alligators, pirates and such, may be I can interest you in an adventure which occurred so recently that all the particulars are yet fresh in my mind.

I am a sailor man, and I am as honest as the general run of them. I was in New Orleans, knocking around for a berth, when one day on the levee, at the foot of Canal street, a man with a blink to his left eye seems to take a great shine to me. He invites me to drink with him and to join him at dinner, and, when he believes the time to be ripe, he says; "You looks like an honest chap, and I don't deny that I've taken a liking to you. How would you like to ship with my captain?

"And who may your captain be?" I asked.

"Captain McCall, of the schooner Glance, and I'm saying to you that a better man never gave orders from the quarterdeck, and that a better vessel than the Glance was never put together."

"And what may be the voyage."

He looks hard at me a long time before replying, and then draws down his left eye and whispers: "Come aboard and see the captain. He'll be glad to shake hands and tell you all about it."

I must own to my confusion that I am a drinking man, as most sailors are, and that this chap with a blink to his eye had me half-seas over before we left the saloon. We had another drink or two before reaching the schooner, and when we went aboard I was in no condition to judge of men or things. I remember of meeting three or four men and of drinking again, and then all memory was gone. When I came to my senses the schooner was in the Gulf of Mexico, heading almost north, and the hour was 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Stiff and sore, and thoroughly frightened to find myself at sea, I crawled out of the close and ill-smelling forecastle and made my way on deck. The crew were all there, including the captain. There were five white men, two negroes, and I made the eighth man. There was a light breeze from the southeast, and an island was in sight off to the northwest. A single look satisfied me that we were headed for Chandeleur Bay, on the Mississippi coast.

I was greeted in a pleasant fashion by the men, and the captain beckoned me into his cabin, poured out a stiff glass of grog, and said:

"You'll feel better after drinking it. It's good grog that puts heart into a sailor man."

"Will you tell me what schooner this is, and how I came to be aboard of her?" I asked, never minding his soft ways and the liquor he had placed under my nose.

"Why, man, have you gone clean daft?" he calls out. "You came to me for a berth on the Glance, and I, Captain McCall, signed you for a trip to Santa Rosa island and return. You were sober enough when you signed articles. Come, down with the grog, and wish us a successful voyage."

"Captain McCall, I never signed with you!" I says, looking him straight in the eye. "And if you are bound to the northeast, why are you holding to the north?"

"Tut, tut, man! I am not used to such talk aboard this vessel. Go on deck and do your duty, and if you dare talk mutiny I'll put a bullet through your head."

With that I turned and left him, and to say that I was in a rage would hardly describe my feelings. My sailor's instinct had shown me that I was on a wrecker, and such wreckers are no better than pirates. I had been duped aboard to make up the complement of men, and if they discovered that I was not hand and heart with them they'd have little hesitation in taking my life.

I went forward to the bows, and presently the mate joined me. He was the man with the blink in his eye, and I laid all the trouble to him. He spoke very softly, but I was so bold and bitter that he soon flew mad and abused me in the foulest manner, and finally ordered me on watch under pain of being placed in irons. It would have been foolish to resist, and I took my place among the men and turned to for duty.

The schooner held on, passing between the East and West Chandeleur islands about dark, and holding to the north. Soon after night the wind fell, and finally there was a dead calm. We were then opposite the Middle Chandeleur, and only four or five miles away, and as there was a current setting us to the east the anchor was let go, an anchor watch set, and the rest of the crew were privileged to turn in. The captain and mate retired to their staterooms, and, as the night was pleasant, the rest of us held the deck. As I stowed away myself forward for a smoke and a think, one of the white men came over to me in a rather cautious way, bunked down beside me, and whispered:

"Come, comrade, the better face you put on the matter, the better it will be for you. There's no question but they made you drunk to get you off this voyage, and as for your signing articles, that's all bosh."

"What sort of a voyage is it?"

"For what we can pick up."

"And what made you ship?"

"Well, I was obliged to dodge the law for a scrape I got into at Mobile."

"I shall leave her at the first chance."

"That's your lay; but keep quiet. The captain and mate are bad men, and won't stop at murder to hush your talk. If there is a chance for a break depend upon me to go with you."

"How far to the north do we go?"

"We shall cruise among the islands, and perhaps along the Alabama coast. Take my advice and do duty and keep your eyes open."

With that he left me, and after finishing my pipe I slept until about 2 o'clock in the morning, when we got a slant of wind from the Gulf, and the mate called us to up anchor and make sail. We crept along at a slow pace, and about sunrise had the Big Chandeleur island under our beam. During the afternoon we ran down to the northern end and came to anchor within a few fathoms of a coasting schooner, which was then lying a wreck on the rocks within a stone's throw of the beach. Her masts were gone, bulwarks stove, and the beach was covered with wreckage. It was plain that she had come ashore in a gale, but in the tail end of it, and the sea had not broken her up.

Long enough before we came to anchor, although I was at the wheel of the Glance, I saw a man on the wreck making signals. It seemed to me that the captain and mate placed themselves purposely in my line of vision, to prevent my seeing the man, and we had not yet begun to take in sail when the mate took the wheel, and the captain sent me into the hold to look up some spare oars for the yawl. I was rummaging around down there for half an hour, the oars being only a pretence to keep me off the deck, and when the captain finally called me up the sails were down, the anchor in the water, and several of our men were aboard the wreck, having taken our yawl to convey themselves across the space.

I was not allowed to go aboard of the wreck, but was ordered to remain on the schooner to help receive cargo which the others broke out. The yawl presently made her first trip, bringing a load of ropes, chains, and sails, and these trips were continued at intervals all day. When they came to break out cargo the yawl brought us flour, hardware, groceries, and clothing, some damaged and some in good shape, and the mate bore a hand to help us on the schooner.

There was no knocking off for dinner, and from the way the men were rushed it was plain that the captain feared discovery and was in a hurry to get everything out of the wreck and be off. We had a bite to eat as we worked, and at sunset we were piped for supper. This we ate on our decks, and my friend of the night before, who gave me his name as Bill, planned to take a seat near me. I had worked hard and without grumbling, and captain and mate no longer felt suspicious of me, or at least showed no signs of it. There was an opportunity now for a few words with the man Bill, and I asked him if it was a case of salvage.

"Wuss'n that!" he whispered back.

"Wasn't there a man—one of the crew—on the wreck when we first came up?"

"Yes."

"Where is he now?"

"Knocked on the head and thrown to the sharks!"

"Do you mean that he was murdered?"

"That's just it, matey! While you were below the captain and mate rowed off to the wreck. We all saw a man aboard, but none of us have seen him since. Had he been allowed to live on it would have been a case of salvage. With him dead, what's to prevent our captain from owning all he can get.

"And you talk as coolly as if only a dog had been thrown overboard!"

"Hush! If there is the least show for escape I'm off with you this very night! No more now—we are watched!"

After supper the yawl was sent off again, and we worked until about 11 o'clock. Two-thirds of the cargo had been transferred, and our captain meant to hang right by until he had secured everything or a shift of weather drove him away. There had been a fair breeze all day and it still held, coming from the south-east. There was doubtless a smart surf on the other side of she island, but on our side the water was quiet enough.

When the crew turned in the man Bill was left on deck as an anchor watch. The man lopped down on deck, some without a thing between them and the planks, and in half an hour their snores were hearty and continuous. Then I cautiously rose up and joined Bill. The yawl was towing astern, with the oars on the thwarts, and I was determined on escape. To my surprise I found him eager and anxious to go with me.

While captain and mate both appeared asleep, we dared take no risks. If we got away in the boat it must be bare-handed. Any attempt to look up water, provisions, and the mast and sail might upset our whole plan.

While Bill walked the deck whistling to himself, I drew the yawl under the stern and slid down the painter. In a minute or two he came after me, and then cut the rope and pushed us off. We at once began to float to the northwest, and in a quarter of an hour were out of sight of the schooner. It would not do to use the oars yet, however, and we were waiting to increase our distance, when all of a sudden the waters around us grew alive with sharks. I have sailed in most seas and have seen a sailor's share of sharks, but never before nor since did I witness such a congregation of the voracious monsters. They seemed determined on destroying us, and every minute dealt the boat such thumps that we looked to see the planks crushed in. They jumped half their length out of the water at the gunwale of the boat, and twice the head of a shark rested on the seat in the stern for several seconds.

We realized that we must make some demonstration, even at the peril of being overheard on board the schooner, and, getting out the oars, we punched and jabbed with all our might. As soon as we got well out from the land the wind bore us along at a faster pace, but the sharks were not to be left behind. If there was one there were 200. They bit at the oars and splintered the blades, and if the men on the schooner had not been over tired they must have been awakened by the row.

We had drifted perhaps two miles when a terrible thing happened. We two sat on one thwart, Bill minding one side and I the other. He was bending over the rail, punching every shark within reach, when I heard a scream, and turned my head in time to see him pulled overboard. A shark had jumped far enough out of water to seize him. There was a terrible commotion in the water for a few minutes, every fish anxious to secure a morsel, and for a time I was entire neglected and driving along alone. By and by three or four sharks came after me, but they no longer attacked the boat, nor did the number increase.

When I had got my nerve back I put the best oar over the stern and sculled away, keeping to the northwest, nor did I rest beyond a few minutes at a time until daylight came. I was then entirely out of sight of the schooner, and making a good pace of it. I saw half a dozen coasters on the bay, but made no signals. The Louisiana coast was in full sight, and I preferred driving ashore to being picked up. I knew how the coasters felt toward wreckers, and if I were picked up, my story would probably land me in the courts.

Soon after noon I fetched the shore in a bit of a bay, but I soon realized that I was no better off than out at sea. I was hungry and thirsty, but there was neither fresh water nor food. I sculled all around the bay in search of a creek, but found none, but toward evening a smart shower came up, and a gallon or so of fresh water was caught in the boat. It was full of filth when I came to drink it, but it relieved my burning thirst and put new life into me. Shortly after that I found a dead duck floating on the water. I did not stop to investigate its condition, but stripped off a part of the feathers and cut out and ate a large portion of the raw meat.

As the shores were dense canebrakes, through which I could make no progress, I tied the boat up for the night and went to sleep, but darkness had only fairly set in when the mosquitoes came down upon me by the million. Sleep was out of the question. Indeed, within an hour I was obliged to scull the boat out into the bay against a smart sea rolling in, and hold her there by hard work to keep from being devoured alive. Whenever I would let up for a few minutes, overcome by want of sleep, the boat would drift back and the pests would attack me, until I found them in my mouth.

After midnight the wind came up so briskly that the mosquitoes could no longer come out of the swamp at me, but a new danger arose. I had no thought of alligators until, as the boat rested against the reeds, a monster reptile rose up and clashed his jaws over the stern. In two minutes there were three or four swimming about me, and others were thrashing around in the swamp. From that time until daylight I had to shout, splash the water, and keep moving from one end of the boat to the other to frighten my enemies away, and it seemed as if I lived a month in those few hours.

As day broke the wind changed off the land, and I drove with it out of the bay. I was hardly out before an oyster schooner picked me up, and in a couple of days I was safely landed in New Orleans. When the captain asked for my story I offered him the yawl as a free gift in place of any explanation, and he accepted it, and did not ask another question.—*New York Sun.*

Curious Names.

"What a name that young man has," said a clergyman yesterday to a *News* gatherer as the person indicated left his presence.

"What is it?"

"E. P. Baxter, he writes it. Nothing remarkable about that, but what an amount of foolish patriotism is concealed in those initials. The young man was born on January 3, 1863, and his parents named him Emancipation Proclamation Baxter, in honor of the occasion."

"That's pretty bad."

"Yes, but there are some parents with cranky ideas on the subject of naming children. One boy I christened Perseverance Jones. I endeavored to dissuade the father, but he said the child's mother was called Patience, and he saw no reason why the boy should not be called Perseverance, because the two always went together. Within a few paces of the grave of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, in the old cemetery at Fifth and Arch streets, there is a headstone bearing the inscription: 'Sacred to the memory of S. L. U. Lloyd.' If the owner of that name were living now his friends would probably call him 'Celuloid.' I had a colored man named Alexander doing some work around here once. I used to hear the other workmen call him 'Trib' and 'Hole,' and it struck me one day to ask him what his name was.

"'Tribulation Wholesome Alexander, sah,' he replied.

"It may have been some relative of his who came to me with twins to have baptized.

"'What names will you call them?' I asked.

"'Cherubim and Seraphim,' replied the mother.

"'Why?' I asked in astonishment.

"'Because,' she replied, 'de pra'r book says says "de cherubim and seraphim continually do cry," and dese yere chil'en do nufin' else.'"

The *News* gatherer edged toward the door, and when he had got in the lobby shouted "Chestnut," and skipped down stairs.—*Philadelphia News.*

The Maple Sugar and Syrup Trade.

At this season of the year maple sugar is abundant. In order to ascertain something about this product, a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express* called on one of the leading operators in that city. He said that the sale of maple sugar in New York aggregates over a million of pounds each year. His house this season alone handled 200,000 pounds.

"What becomes of so large a quantity?"

"It is retailed by grocers and confectioners as maple sugar. But the larger portion is boiled down into maple syrup by manufacturers, who supply it to grocery stores. The can style of packages has been made attractive by means of very handsomely decorated labels, which add to the present neat appearance of fancy grocery stores. The manufacturing of syrup is confined mainly to Chicago and this city. For the past five years there has been a great demand for maple syrup as a delicious table food. More and more of it has been used every year. Why? Because it is far better than molasses or cane syrup for buckwheat, wheat or other cakes, of which you know a large quantity is consumed. It is more delicious and suitable to the palate than the cane product, because it neither sours on the stomach nor clogs. The time is not far distant when the maple syrup will be used by every family and every restaurant and hotel."

"How do confectioners use it?"

"They use more maple sugar than syrup. They buy the pure product, and make it into candies of various varieties, for which the sugar is very suitable. The price of maple sugar in cans and tubs is about two cents per pound higher than cane sugar."

Largest Sewer in the World.

A large sewer is being constructed in Washington which is stated to be seven feet larger in diameter than any other sewer in the world. In its smallest part it is larger than the largest of the sewers in Paris. For over 2,000 feet it is a circular sewer for twenty feet in diameter. A fully equipped palace car, locomotive and all, could be run through it without difficulty. This enormous sewer is intended to drain the immense watershed lying to the north of the city. Beside that, it will carry to the eastern branch of the Potomac all the contents of the smaller system of sewers in the northern part of the city. It will take probably a year to complete the work. The Boundary Street sewer, with its connecting systems, will cost, when completed over $700,000. At present the work of excavation is carried on by machinery, which lifts the soil and lands it on the completed part of the work by means of a system of cables. The same cables are used in lowering the bricks and cement to the workmen.

The American colony of 3,000 in Paris is said by the shopkeepers to be worth more to them than the 20,000 Germans and 28,000 Italians of the city combined.

MORSELS FOR THE MERRY.

TID-BITS OF HUMOR GATHERED FOR OUR READERS.

Was Posted—An Easier Way—Love and Coal Bills—Where he Was Struck—Not Warning Enough.

"You are going into the lecture field, they tell me?"

"Yes, I think some of doing so."

"Have you ever had any experience in public speaking?"

"No, I never tried to address an audience in my life."

"But, my good sir, how can you hope to succeed if you know nothing about the lecture business?"

"Oh, I'm posted on the lecture business. You can depend on that."

"Come? Why, great Scott, man, I've been married twenty-two years!"—*Chicago Ledger.*

An Easier Way.

"That's rather a pretty idea, that old sailor sitting on his upturned boat and eating his frugal meal. What are you going to call it, Mr. Brush?" asked a Nob Hill young lady as she was looking at a nearly finished painting in an Ellis street studio.

"Yes; I flatter myself that the picture is a unique idea. "I shall name it 'The Skipper's Meal,'" replied the artist.

"Say," spoke up the lady's young brother, "I can tell you how to paint a skipper's meal easier nor that one."

"Could you? How?"

"Just paint a piece of cheese. That's all."—*California Maverick.*

Love and Coal Bills.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says: "The deepest emotion that man knows is love," but little the cruel father thinks of this when he comes down stairs at midnight with a club in his hand and fire in his eye and drives into the inclemency of a midwinter night the fond youth who with self-sacrificing devotion, has for hours been assisting his daughter to test the stability of a rocking chair. Does such a father ever stop to consider that love is the deepest emotion that man knows? Ah! no. Careless is he about outraging the tenderest feelings of the human heart. His mind filled only with sordid thoughts, he bursts in upon the happy pair, exclaiming:

"I want you to understand that I pay the coal bills for this house."

'Tis thus that "Love's young dream" is so frequently transformed into a nightmare.—*Boston Courier.*

Where he was Struck.

Witness—"Yes, sir. He struck me on the bridge——"

Lawyer (sharply interrupting)—"How is that? You said awhile ago that he struck you on the balcony?"

Witness—"So he did, sir. I'm tellin' you no lie."

Lawyer—"Did he strike you more than once?"

Witness—"Only once, sir. Begorra, I was quite satisfied."

Lawyer—"How then could he strike you on the bridge and on the balcony at the same time and with one blow?"

Witness—"Anyhow, he did, sir."

Judge (interfering)—"On what balcony?"

Witness—"The balcony of the hotel, your honor."

Judge—"And on what bridge?"

Witness—"The bridge of my nose, sir. Had the spalpeen waited, I'd a told him".—*Call.*

The Pole Horse Run Into.

"Chancellor" Crawford is one of the best known men on the turf. He is a standard authority on all track matters, and is never nonplussed no matter when or where he is asked the question. On one occasion in a race the trotter which had the pole was clearly getting the best of the others, when the next driver yelled to Crawford, who was driving on the outside: "He's getting away with me, Crawford."

"Run into him," answered Crawford.

"They'll expel me, won't they?" asked the first.

Crawford took the lines in his left hand, and, without taking his eyes off his own or the other horses, reached under the seat with his right hand and fished out a copy of the trotting laws and rapidly thumbed it over on his knee. Suddenly glancing like lightning at it, he raised his head and shouted back:

"Article 16, chapter 6, only $25 fine! Run into him!"

The pole horse was run into, and the winner paid his fine without a murmur.—*Chicago News.*

Not Warned Enough.

An old and innocent-looking man was waiting at the Third street depot the other day for a train, and as he was walking in and out a good deal the police officer on that beat cautioned him to look out for confidence men.

"Oh, I know all about confidence men," was the reply, and that ended the conversation for the time.

In about an hour the old man came rushing up in an excited state of mind and cried out:

"Some infernal skunk has picked my pocket of $22!"

"Well, I cautioned you."

"You're a liar! You told me to look out for confidence men, and never said a word about pickpockets! While I was a-telling one chap that I was no greenhorn, and that nobody could confidence me, his partner got into my pocket! You're a nice old police force, you are!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Willing to Correct.

He walked into the office the other morning, looking pretty much like a man dissatisfied with general results.

"Can I see the editor?" he inquired.

He was directed to the foot of the throne.

"Good morning, sir," he began gruffly.

"Mornin'," grunted the editor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"What is it?"

"Well, I sent a notice around here that my friend Smith had just been married, and your infernal compositor got it, 'Mr. Smith has just been martyred.'"

"Ugh, you call that a misprint, do you? Well I don't, and I've raised that compositor's wages. If you don't like it, send Smith around to me ten years from now, and if he wants it corrected, I'll have it done."

The visitor departed to see Smith.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Queer People.

The barber's shop was next door to the baker's shop, and the baker had just gotten a ton of coal. The coal had been dumped on the sidewalk, and, after the fashion of coal men, much nearer to the barber's door than to the baker, to whom it belonged. The barber had just gotten the lather on a customer, when one of the genius tramp came in.

"Put in yer coal, mister?"

"No," said the barber, pleasantly; "no, my friend, that's not my coal, you know."

The tramp had hardly disappeared round the corner, when another opened the door.

"Put yer coal in fur ye, mister?"

"No," said the barber a little sharply; "the coal's not mine, I say."

They kept coming, and seven of them appeared in twenty minutes, and to the eighth man the barber is alleged to have said: "Git! The blamed coal ain't mine."

"Now, see here," said the shavee, "there ain't no use gittin' mad over it. Just put up a sign sayin', 'This coal ain't mine,' That's all ye need."

"Say, you've got a great head," said the barber, and in a few moments he had the sign stuck on the top of the heap of coal. "Reckon that'll fix it," he remarked.

The door opened and a tall man with a shovel looked in.

"Say, mister, did you put that sign up, or did the other feller?"

Then the barber closed his shop and went out and got drunk—with malice aforethought.

He had only one remark to make when Justice Meech fined him $5. "Mister Judge," he said, "can't I make that baker pay me fine?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Strike 2,500 Years Ago.

It was supposed that strikes were an outcome of our modern civilization, says *Household Words*, but the deciphering of a papyrus into the museum of Turin shows how the old proverb that there is nothing new under the sun applies to strikes as well as to many other things. This papyrus, which is a sort of journal or day-book of the superintendent of the Thebes Necropolis, furnishes curious details of a workmen's riot or disturbance in Thebes, in the twenty-ninth year of King Ramses, who is supposed to be Ramses III. The workmen's quarter sent a deputation on the 28th of December to Hatnekin, the keeper of the books, and to several priests of the necropolis. The speaker of the deputation spoke as follows: We have neither nourishment, nor oil, nor vestments. We have already sent a petition to our sovereign lord, the Pharaoh, praying him to give us these things, and we now address the governor in order that he may give us wherewithal to live."

The general distribution of wheat was then evidently due to the workmen, but why it did not take place is not known. Perhaps the individual who should have distributed the food was absent. Whatever was the cause of the delay the need was urgent, and Hatnekin, with the priests present, either touched with compassion or to prevent the affair from reaching the ear of the governor of the necropolis, accorded one day's rations. How the workmen lived in the days following is not recorded in the papyrus, but some weeks afterward they were in full revolt.

Three times they forcibly emerged from their quarters, notwithstanding the walls which surrounded them and the gates which closed them in. "We will not return," cried a knettu to the police sent in pursuit of them. "Go tell your chief what we tell you; it is famine which speaks by our mouths." To argue with them was useless.

"There was great agitation," writes the superintendent in his day-book. "I gave them the strongest answer I could imagine, but their words were true and came from their hearts." They were quieted by a distribution of half rations, but ten days later they were up again.

Khons, the leader of the band, pressed his companions to provide for themselves. "Let us fall," said he, "upon the stores of provisions, and let the governor's men go and tell what we have done."

This counsel was followed as soon as given. They entered forcibly into the inclosure, but not into the fortress where the provisions were kept. The keeper of the stores, Amen-Nextu, gave them something, and contrived to induce them to return to their quarter.

Eleven days later the movement began again. The commander of Thebes, passing by, found the men seated on the ground, behind the temple of Seti, at the northern end of the necropolis. Immediately they began to cry: "Famine! famine!" The commander then gave them an order for fifty measures of wheat in the name of Pharaoh, "who has sworn," said he, "an oath that you will have food again." Most likely Pharaoh never heard of the event and never received the petition which these strikers addressed to him a couple of months previously.

Jack Tar's Love Tokens.

Sailors, the most superstitious of men, and oftenest away from Poll or Sue, are great at love tokens. They wear a charm on a silken string around their necks; they tattoo their manly arms with two hearts transfixed by a single arrow, and marked respectively "Jack" and "Molly," and they believe, or pretend to believe, in the magic power of such symbolical union to keep their affections true to their lady loves against all the allurements of alien beauty. Moreover, the keepsake, beside containing as often as possible the hair of the beloved object, is almost always made of the precious metals or precious stones. There is a common though indefinite feeling that it ought to be something rather useless in gold or silver. It remains remotely true, in fact, to its amulet origin. Gold and silver and precious stones are of immense antiquity. Something to hang around your neck on a string; something to wear as a charm on your watch chain; or failing these, something in the way of necklet, bracelet, brooch, earring—that is the ordinary ideal of the keepsake. The ideal, in short, descends from a time when clothing was scanty, personal ornament was a matter of high importance, barbaric decoration alone was known, and goods and chattels were few and simple. We seldom think of giving as a keepsake anything that cannot be worn about the person.—*Longman's Magazine.*

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
When bed-clothes snugly bound me,
I've heard the whiskered felines fight
In martial troops around me.
The spat of cats,
The hurled brickbats,
The careless words then spoken:
The eyes that shone
The back fence on,
The panes of glass now broken!
—*Philadelphia Item.*

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field,
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain or a scattered host,
But stainless and scatheless out of the strife
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without a weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won,
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he posed like a spear till the charge was made.
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
The round his breast, like the scarf of love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, he died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach!
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.
—*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Outing.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Justifiable homicide—Sleighing girls.—*Citizen.*

If a man is to die by inches he wants to be tall.—*New York News.*

Jones—"Can you always tell a fool?" Brown—"If he doesn't ask too much. What would you like to know?"—*Binghamton Republican.*

They are going down to dinner: He—"May I sit on your right hand?" She—"Oh, I think you had better take a chair." He did.—*Paris News.*

Dio Lewis says that hot water will cure all complaints. In that case improvident men ought to be extra healthy, for they are always in it.

Entering the asylum for inebriates, he asked: "Do you treat drunkards here?" "Yes, sir," "Well, I'm one. Where's yer bar?"—*Chicago News.*

An exchange says the "fall of the skating rink has come." Well, it is time. The rink has caused enough falls in its time.—*New York Graphic.*

An Eastern physician has published a work telling how to prevent scars. A treatise on minding one's own business, most likely.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A brass band has been organized among the employes of a Columbus carriage factory. They are said to be musical fellows.—*Ohio State Journal.*

In regard to modern languges it is said that the Chinese is the most difficult. We find this out when we try to explain to our Chinese laundryman that a pair of our socks is missing.—*Siftings.*

Billy's little sister had fallen and hurt her nose, and she cried a great deal over it. Hearing his mother tell her to be careful lest she'd spoil it next time, he said: "What's the good of a nose to her? She never blows it."

Every man is the architect of his own fortune, they say, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know any more about architecture than a hen knows about artificial incubation.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is despondency itself compared to that elastic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being of the street Arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Man in a carriage (to a farmer in the field)—"That corn doesn't look as though you'd get mor'n half a crop." Farmer in the field (to man in a carriage)—"Don't expect to. I'm working it on shares." I mean you won't get much to the acre." "Don't expect to; only got half an acre."

Jones—"Smith, you are the lazist man I ever saw." Smith—"Correct." Jones—"They say you sleep fifteen hours out of every twenty-four." Smith—"Correct." Jones—"What do you do it for?" Smith—"In order to economize. You see it costs nothing to sleep, but the moment you wake up expenses begin."

AN OPTIMIST'S LAY.

The buttercups that gemmed the vale
In summer's golden hours are fled;
The wild rose red, the primrose pale,
The hyacinth—all, all are dead.

No more at morn in beauty's pride
Their tinted petals they unfold
And scent the breeze; they drooped and died,
When chill winds swept across the wold.

But why should we their loss deplore,
Why spend our time in vain regrets
When organ grinders to our door
Come daily with "Sweet Violets?"
—*Boston Courier.*

Four Valuable Instruments.

A correspondent states that a wealthy person who was devoted to music died lately in Paris leaving behind him four stringed instruments, all made by Stradivarius, which

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N. C.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1886.

—Floods are reported from every quarter, East and West.

—The new Gladstone cabinet in England is said to be already breaking up.

—A negro has been lynched at Martinsburg, Va., for committing an outrageous assault upon a lady.

—John B. Gough, the most noted temperance lecturer on the continent, died in Philadelphia last week.

—Maj. P. F. Duffy has been appointed North Carolina State Statistician of the United States Bureau of Agriculture.

—The residence of Judge Thos. Ruffin, in Hillsboro, was destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon. The loss is about $5,000; no insurance.

—Richard E. Stanton, a wealthy contractor and a near relative of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War under President Lincoln, died at Bridgeport, Conn.

—The McCormick reaper works, at Chicago, Ills., closed down, under a threat of employees to precipitate a strike; 1,300 persons are idle in consequence.

—The February term of the United States court opened at Fort Smith, Ark., with 163 criminal cases on the docket, of which 99 were for murder.

—A mad dog at Carsons, Kansas, bit A. W. Diggs, flour merchant, and Mr. Hoke, miller; also several horses and dogs were bitten before the dog was killed.

—Gen. J. W. McElroy died at Robbinsville, Graham county, last week. He was a very prominent man and was the father of Mrs. B. B. Vance.

—The recent cyclones in the West and South have done terrible damage to life and property, but there's one comfort left,—the people clamor for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A Call for Bonds.—The secretary of the treasury has issued the one hundred and thirty-fourth call for bonds for redemption. The call is for ten millions and matures April 1st.

—Mr. Hoar has introduced a bill in the United States Senate appropriating $150,000 for a monument to Gen. Grant at Washington. On the motion of Senator Logan the amount was increased to $250,000, and the bill was referred to the library committee.

—The Danbury *Reporter and Post* says that much excitement and indignation is expressed in Stokes county about the lynching of Wilson alias Martin, who was taken from Stokes jail last week to Virginia and hanged. The matter will probably be fully investigated.

—It is said that Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of New York's millionaires, is making arrangements to buy an island on the coast of this State, near Morehead. He will build a club house on this island. Much property on the coast of this State is now owned or leased by Northern people.

—Junius S. Clemmons, a native of Clemmonsville, Davidson county, a lawyer by profession and now a citizen of Louisville, Ky., is Clerk of the River and Harbor Committee of the House of Representatives. The old and oft repeated statement that he is the original inventor of the electric telegraph has been revived, and he has now spoken and established his claim as such.

—The action of the House committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, practically settles the question of silver legislation for this session of Congress. Nothing whatever will be done by the House. A majority of its members are honestly in favor of the continued coinage of silver.

—Here is another warning for those colored people in North Carolina who have been led by emigration agents to believe that they can do better elsewhere. One hundred and fifty negroes, beguiled from their homes in South Carolina, have been stranded upon the streets of Jackson, Miss., penniless, with all their baggage held by the railroad companies in pawn for their fare.—*News and Observer.*

—The Blair educational bill, it should be understood, appropriates in its present form seven millions of dollars the first year, ten millions the second, fifteen millions the third, thirteen millions the fourth, eleven millions the fifth, nine millions the sixth, seven millions the seventh, and five millions the eighth. The money is to be distributed among the States and Territories on the basis of illiteracy, and no State or Territory is to participate in the benefits of the bill that does not provide a system of free schools. This, it is understood, does not operate against separate schools for white and colored children. The bill will probably become a law.

—*News and Observer.*

Total Visible Supply of Cotton.—The total visible supply of cotton for the world is 3,030,888 bales, of which 2,627,088 are American, against 2,906,593 and 2,435,493 respectively last year; receipts at all interior towns 57,853; receipts from the plantations, 96,578; crop in sight 5,595,499 bales.

CONGRESS.

During the past week the House passed the Fitz John Porter bill. The Senate debated the Blair seventy million educational bill, which was laid over till last Monday. The Chinese question, Bankruptcy bill and Hennepin Canal may be reached. Various appropriation bills are before the House.

Mr. Garland will not resign his seat in the Cabinet, and he has the full confidence of the President. He says: "It now appears that an investigation covering the whole question is to be had by the House of Representatives, and I am glad of it, and hope it will be thorough and complete, and that the merits of it will be called and looked into."

Foreign.

Little Greece, it seems, is to be coerced into an agreement to the policy outlined for her by the powers. She will not be permitted to fight Turkey under any circumstances, her claim against that country for territory being considered not at all beyond the reach of a settlement without resort to arms. Great Britain leads in the coercive measures and a strong squadron under her flag supported by German, French, Italian and Austrian men-of-war, threatens the Greek fleet in Suda bay. On account of this position of the British government, Mr. Chamberlain, it is said, will resign his seat in the cabinet, and thus hasten the dissolution of Mr. Gladstone's new ministry which is reported inevitable.

Terrible Fire in Wilmington, N. C.

The fire originated at one of the wharfs in the southeastern part of the city, from a boat loaded with cotton and rapidly spread towards Front street and the depot. All the general offices of the Atlantic Coast Line were consumed. It is said that the shops and sheds were saved. The fire extended up Front street as far as the Methodist Church which was burned, but did not reach the street west of Front. The loss is estimated at over $500,000, covered by $400,000 insurance. The district burned extended from the wharves at the foot of Princess street up to Depot, including the Wilmington & Weldon warehouses and main office; thence the fire crossed to Front street at Walnut, burning everything to Second street, thence crossed railroad and burned several houses in Brooklyn, also Oldham's Flour Mills, all the lumber mills and cotton compress, together with all the cotton.

The fire is similar, says the Charlotte *Observer*, in all respects to that which occurred in Wilmington on Christmas eve of 1877, when the steamer North Star caught fire at her wharf and burned out all the block between Water and Front and Orange and Dock streets, but was far more disastrous.

A Pre-historic People.

In Cleveland county are traces of another race before the Anglo Saxon or the Indian race. Before the Indian with his bow and arrow chased the deer over hill and dale, there lived here a nation who left their traces in the mica mines of North Carolina. Who were our first settlers? Whether mound builders or an anterior race lived here and delved here in our earth we dare not say. Archæologists have left varied conjectures and books have been written on this subject which is still enveloped in mystery. In Mitchell county are long tunnels extending over 100 feet into the mountains where mica is now found. The growth of huge trees over a century old and standing upon the earth removed from these tunnels, bear indisputable testimony to another race. Of that race our first settlers knew nothing. Tradition is silent and unable to solve the mystery of a past age. In Macon and Cherokee are traces of another race who knew how to work mines, understood drainage and had some knowledge of minerals. Some say the Spaniards under De Soto were searching for gold and dug these mines, yet in one mine, prior to their advent are found traces of a Spanish musket thirty feet above the lower strata. The Spaniards had guns and used gunpowder; this race used fire and water to assist in excavating and cleaving huge masses of mica. The Spaniards sought for gold and silver; this race delved and carried away huge blocks of mica. We mention this subject to awaken thought and to ask our readers, "Who were our first settlers in North Carolina?" *Shelby Aurora.*

Earthquake in Alabama.

Mobile, Ala., Feb. 16.—A slight shock of an earthquake was felt Saturday at daybreak along the Tombigbee river in Sumpter, Marengo and Chocktaw counties, greatly alarming the inhabitants. But little damage was done.

THE AUDITOR'S REPORT.

Advance Notes of the Report for 1885—The Receipts and Disbursements.

State of North Carolina.
Auditor's Department.
Raleigh, December 1, 1885.

His Excellency Alfred M. Scales, Governor of North Carolina:

Dear Sir:—In compliance with the provisions of section 3,350 of The Code, I have the honor to submit herewith for your information and transmittal to the next general assembly the annual report of this department, showing a statement of the funds of the State and its revenues and public expenditures for the fiscal year ending November 30, 1886, arranged and classified under the head of statements indicated by letters. Your attention is directed to statements E (receipts) and F (disbursements), with explanatory foot-notes to each.

The annual appropriation (30,000) made by the general assembly, for the relief of Confederate soldiers, &c., under an act ratified the 11th of March 1885, the most of which has been apportioned, pro rata, to over 2,000 applicants, should have come within the year's disbursements, but as warrants to cover some were dated November 30, the close of the fiscal year, and too late to be presented for payment, they are now outstanding against the treasurer, but will be accounted for in the disbursement account the coming year. Of this appropriation there is now remaining an unexpended balance, a fraction over two hundred dollars, which was reserved by the board to meet extreme cases, both of soldiers and widows, whose claims could not be passed upon before the close of the year, on account of the absence of certain proof required.

There were over 4,200 pension applicants, and the claims of more than 2,000 of these were disallowed, as they did not come within the meaning of the statute, the board holding that to entitle applicants to the provisions of the act, the soldier must be disabled by reason of wounds received, and the widow by reason of the death of her husband from wounds. Many of these claimants, both soldiers and the widows of soldiers are meritorious, and deserve aid from the State, and to this end their claims have been filed for the action of the Legislature.

Your attention is directed to the statute which provides that all moneys paid out by the treasurer shall be paid upon the warrant of the auditor; and article 14, section 3, of the constitution of the State provides that "no money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law," &c.

I believe the constitution should be strictly construed, and it has been suggested that it intended that warrants should be drawn on the treasury only to pay claims for which specific appropriations have been made, but it has been and is still the custom to issue warrants for claims arising under the laws directing certain work to be done for the State, and providing methods for ascertainment of its value before the issue of a warrant. I beg, therefore, you will call the attention of the legislature to the matter, to the end that the law may be remedied, if my construction be correct.

Wm. P. Roberts,
State Auditor.

Statement "E," exhibiting the several sources from which the receipts of the public fund were derived:

Arms, sale of,	$ 2,000
Additional public taxes for 1883 and 1884,	12.00
Appropriation for disabled soldiers on account of diseased claimants (refunded),	114 53
Appropriation Yorktown celebration (refunded),	11.00
Banks, license tax,	425.00
Bank stock, tax on,	5,433.92
Battle's Revisal, sale of,	9.00
Code, sale of,	54.25
Contingencies,	209.29
Corporation, tax on,	1,059.00
Dividends, North Carolina railroad,	125,646.00
Dentists, itenerant,	90.00
Drummers, license tax,	86,800.00
Executive department,	11.67
Express companies, tax on,	544.85
Fees from private Secretary,	337.65
Fees from Secretary of State,	2,789.02
Fertilizers,	41,500.00
General Assembly, amt. refunded,	10 00
Governor's mansion, sale of lot,	50.00
Indigent pupils,	385.00
Insurance companies, tax on,	10,382.73
Law, sale of,	53.50
Medical practitioners, itinerant,	90.00
Opticians, itinerant,	30.00
Photographers, itinerant	270.00
Public taxes,	85,858.98
Quarantine regulations,	100.00
Railroad companies, tax on receipts of,	7,926.56
Seals, tax on,	727.55
Sewing machine, license tax,	2,400.00
Sleeping cars, tax on,	500.00
State Guard, (amount refunded)	50.60
Stationary,	418.05
Supreme Court reports, sale of,	1,426.93
Telegraph companies, tax on,	333.26
Theatres, tax on,	775.00
Weights and measures,	31.00
	$378.957.62

Statement "F," showing the different purposes for which the disbursements of the public fund were made:

Adjutant General's department,	$ 758.23
Agricultural societies,	1,750.00
Agricultural department,	41,500.00
Appropriation for Caswell monument,	575.00
Appropriation for disabled soldiers,	3,750.00
Appropriation for University of North Carolina,	23,750.00
Auditor's department,	2,286.81
Capitol square,	430.26
Commutation for loss of limbs,	170.00
Contingencies,	23,744.53
Conveying convicts to penitentiary and capturing escaped convicts	9,602.00
Department of public instruction,	2,856.16
Distributing laws,	55.55
Executive department,	5,408.33
Fugitives from justice,	621.48
General Assembly,	58,286.71
Insane asylum at Raleigh,	54,500 00
Insane asylum at Morganton, construction account,	35,000,00
Insane asylum at Morganton, support account	43,225.00
Insane asylum at Goldsboro,	25,000.00
Institution for the deaf, dumb and blind,	36,000 00
Interest on 4 per cent. State debt,	110,534.00
Interest on 6 per cent. State debt,	78,240.00
Judiciary,	40,418.20
Normal schools,	8,000.00
Oxford orphan asylum,	10,000.00
Quarantine regulations,	1,389.20
Penitentiary,	135,322 59
Penitentiary S. school,	50 00
Presidential electors,	443.60
Public printing,	16,894 19
Public tax refunded,	487.51
Railroad from Statesville to Taylorsville,	50.00
Settling State taxes,	741.44
State canvassing board,	24 00
State department,	3,249.96
State board of health,	1,700,00
State board internal improvements,	52.10
State guard,	9,506.45
State library,	834.75
Superintendent of capitol	750.00
Tax on corporations, (refunded,)	300.00
Treasury department,	6,178.12
Weights and measures,	100.00
	$795,486.26

A Successful Paper.

With its last issue the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* enters upon its ninth volume. It is a little more than 3 years since the paper came into the possession of its present owners. Those who did not know it in its earlier days would hardly recognize in the *Manufacturers' Record* of to-day, the *Manufacturers' Record* of three years ago. From a small paper of sixteen pages it has developed into one of the foremost industrial journals of the country. The process of evolution has been rapid but substantial. Its growth has been phenomenal, and its success without precedent in the history of trade journalism.

At the start, the editors themselves Southerners, impressed with the vast and varied natural resources of the Southern States, and foreseeing their mighty possibilities as a manufacturing area, determined to devote their efforts to the work of aiding to build up Southern manufactures. The paper came into prominence as the exponent of the industrial interests of the South, and at once became popular. Its energetic management, its live, progressive policy, its persistent championship of the cause of Southern development, early brought it into prominent notice, and its fame rapidly extended. The wonderful development of the South is now attracting attention all over the world, and the progress of this development has been so faithfully chronicled by the *Manufacturers' Record* that it is accepted everywhere as unquestioned authority on Southern affairs, and its statistics and statements are drawn upon by almost every writer and public speaker on any topic pertaining to the industries of the South.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The Mormons.—There are indications that the Mormons are finding things so uncomfortably hot for them in the United States that they are looking for homes elsewhere. Not long ago it was stated that a prospective colony was negotiating for a foothold in the Sandwich Islands, and now it appears that an endeavor is being made to acquire a large tract of territory in Mexico.

The Industrial School.—Some of the people of Raleigh have done themselves no good in trying to force Gov. Scales and the members of the Board of Agriculture, to establish the school in Raleigh without adequate means for its support. If the tax payers of the State want to be assessed to the amount of about $50,000 annually (in addition to public school expenses) let them say so through the next Legislature, but, in the meantime, we hope Gov. Scales and President Battle will stand firm in their opposition to a scheme that will impose heavy burdens on tax payers, without proper remuneration.—*Charlotte Democrat.*

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner.

Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Winston, N. C., at Dr. Thompson's Drug Store.

—The *Workman* says: Berry Kinney, resident about 15 miles east of Greensboro, committed suicide on Monday by shooting himself with a rifle.

—North Carolina has now three natives in the United States Senate—Ransom, Vance and Hawley. Before the war she had seven in the Senate at one time. She has also given birth to three Presidents of the United States—Jackson, Polk and Johnson; to two Vice Presidents—Wiley P. Mangum and Wm. R. King; four Secretaries of the Navy—John Branch, Geo. E. Badger, William A. Graham and James C Dobbin; and one Secretary of the Interior—Jacob Thompson.—*Wilmington Star.*

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Cholera Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Pamphlet free. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 C. H. St., Boston.

Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2 1-4 lb. sufficient for ordinary use for one year, by express, prepaid, for $3.00.

MAKE HENS LAY

Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free. Sold by druggists. Address Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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IS STILL AGENT FOR THE

OLD RELIABLE PACIFIC GUANO,

which gave such universal satisfaction the past season. It is noted for the following EXCELLENT QUALITIES:

It gives the young plant an *early and vigorous start.* It has sufficient strength to push the Plant to full maturity; gives the plant a fine *silky texture,* and a very *tough waxy leaf,* a quality very much admired by manufacturers.

He refers you to the many inteligent Farmers throughout all the adjoining counties who are using it.

PRICE $4 00 CASH, $4 50 TIME.

Remember he is carrying a

VERY LARGE STOCK OF NEW GOODS,

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SUGARS, COFFEES, MOLASSES, SYRUPS, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES A SPECIALTY.

Mr James Fulton, of Stokes County; Mr. W. P Reed, of Winston; Miss Bettie L. Traynham, of Davidson County, are with him. They cordially invite their friends and acquaintances to call and see them.

Feb. 3rd, 1886.—3m.

AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE

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VALENTINE AND BIRTHDAY CARDS.

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SEND FOR TERMS TO CLUBS.

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF FORSYTH COUNTY.

I MUST settle my taxes when required by law. To do this I must collect. I hope to be able to collect all taxes without cost to any tax payer. In order to do this I now publish my last round. At the following times and places I will receive all taxes without cost:

Waughtown,	February	22, 1886.
Union Cross,	"	23, "
Kernersville,	"	24, "
J. A. Robinson's store,	"	25, "
Hardin Haizlip's,	"	26, "
Wakertown,	"	27, "
Old Town,	March	1, "
Bethania,	"	2, "
Elijah Reid's,	"	3, "
Vienna,	"	4, "
Lewisville,	"	5, "
W. B. Stafford's,	"	6, "
Belo Hous, Salem,	"	8, "
Court House, Winston,	"	9, "

From the 4th of January until the 22d of February my office in Winston will be wide open.

All taxes not paid by March 10th will be placed in the hands of my deputies for collection, and they will certainly charge cost. JOHN BOYER, Sheriff.

1886. 1886.

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Best Varieties and Best of Seeds, at the Lowest Prices—Direct from the Farm.

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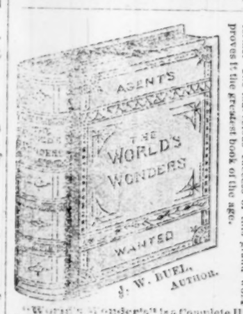

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Most Newsy and Accurate Weekly Journal in the United States.

Containing Twenty-four hours Later News each week than its Contemporaries.

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Is a special feature of the Weekly Herald, and is epigramatic, choice and interesting.

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Prepared by De Grimm and other artists.

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It contains all the general news of the daily edition of the Herald, which has the largest circulation in the United States.

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THE FARM,

The Farm Department of the Weekly Herald is practical. It goes to the point and does not give wild theories. The farmer will save many more than one dollar a year from the suggestions of the Farm Department alone, concerning soil, cattle, crops, trees, buildings, gardening, poultry, and agricultural economy.

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Includes the preparation of new and palable dishes, furnishing, department, decoration, &c.; also the fashions at home and abroad. The latest inventions in sanitary and social science, special literary compositions, poetry, and a

SERIAL NOVEL.

Select Sermons each week by eminent clergymen, and general Church intelligence. In addition are given latest reports of trade and

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RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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ALL THE NEWS, VIGOROUS EDITORIALS.

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will contain a new and never before published series of Irenæus Letters; regular correspondence from Great Britian, France, Germany and Italy; Letters from Mission Stations in India, China, Japan, Africa and Micronesia; original articles from men of influence and knowledge of affairs in different parts of this country, and selected articles from the choicest literary and religious publications, in poetry and prose.

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New York.

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SALEM, N. C.

Manufacture their own STEAM ENGINES, SAW MILLS, WOOD PLANERS, PULLIES, HANGERS, SHAFTING, &c., THEREFORE CAN OFFER SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO THOSE WISHING TO BUY FIRST CLASS OUTFITS. Remember, that if you buy your outfit direct from manufacturers, you can save the agents commission.

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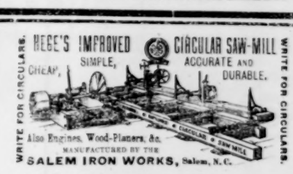
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

GIVE US A TRIAL.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CIRCULAR SAW-MILL ACCURATE AND DURABLE.
Also Engines, Wood-Planers, &c.
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SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N.C.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

Regge's Improved Circular Saw Mill. Write for Circulars.

SALEM IRON WORKS, Salem, N. C.

We are, we believe, the first manufacturers in the South, to build Wood Planers.

1886.
Harper's Magazine,
ILLUSTRATED.

The December Number begins the Seventy-second Volume of *Harper's Magazine.* Miss Woolson's novel, "East Angels," and Mr. Howell's "Indian Summer"—holding the foremost place in current serial fiction—will run through several numbers, and will be followed by serial stories from R. D. Blackmore and Mrs. D. M. Craik. A new editorial department, discussing topics suggested by the current literature of America and Europe, will be contributed by W. D. Howell's, beginning with the January number. The great literary event of the year will be the publication of a series of papers "—," giving the shape of a story, and depicting character and features of American society as seen at our leading pleasure resorts—written by Charles Dudley Warner, and illustrated by C. S. Reinhart. The *Magazine* will give especial attention to American subjects, treated by the best American writers, and illustrated by leading American artists.

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Harper's Bazar is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and methods of household adornment. Its weekly illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris and New York styles with its useful pattern-sheet supplements and cut patterns, by enabling ladies to be their own dressmakers, save many times the cost of subscription. Its papers on cooking, the management of servants and house-keeping in its various details are eminently practical. Much attention is given to the interesting topic of social etiquette, and its illustrations of art needle-work are acknowledged to be unequalled. Its literary merit is of the highest excellence, and the unique character of its humorous pictures has won for it the name of the American *Punch.*

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Bound Volumes of Harper's Bazar for three years in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), to $7 00 per volume.

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Harper's Weekly has now, for twenty years maintained its position as the leading illustrated weekly newspaper in America. With a constant increase of literary and artistic resources, it is able to offer for the ensuing year attractions unequalled by any previous volume, embracing two capital illustrated serial stories, one by Mr. Thos. Hardy, among the foremost of living writers of fiction, and the other by Mr. Walter Besant, one of the most rapidly rising of English novelists; graphic illustrations of unusual interest to readers in all sections of the country; entertaining short stories, mostly illustrated, and important papers by high authorities on the chief topics of the day.

Every one who desires a trustworthy political guide an entertaining and instructive family journal entirely free from objectionable features in either letter-press or illustrations, should subscribe to Harper's Weekly.

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1886.
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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The position on Harper's Young People as the leading weekly periodical for young readers is well established. The publishers spare no pains to provide the best and most attractive reading and illustrations. The serial and short stories have strong dramatic interest, while they are wholly free from whatever is pernicious or vulgarly sensational; the papers on natural history and science, travel and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid, $2 Per Year.

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ST. NICHOLAS

An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 25th of each month. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Price, 25 cents a number, or $3.00 a year, in advance. Booksellers, newsdealers, postmasters and the publishers take subscriptions, which should begin with the November number, the first of the volume.

St. Nicholas aims both to satisfy and to develop the tastes of its constituency; and its record for the past 12 years, during which it has always stood, as it stands to-day, at the head of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient warrant for its excellence during the coming season. The editors announce the following as among the

LEADING FEATURES FOR 1885-86:

A Serial Story by **Frances Hodgson Burnett.** The first long story she has written for children.

A Christmas Story by **W. D. Howells.** With humorous pictures by his little daughter.

"George Washington," by **Horace E. Scudder.** A novel and attractive Historical Serial.

Short Stories for Girls by **Louisa M. Alcott.** The first—"The Candy Country"—in November.

New **"Bits of Talk for Young Folks,"** by **"H. H."** This series forms a gracious and fitting memorial of a child-loving and child-helping soul.

Papers on the Great English Schools, Rugby and others. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

A Sea-coast Serial Story, by **J. T. Trowbridge,** will be life-like, vigorous and useful.

"Jenny's Boarding-House," a serial by **James Otis.** Dealing with newsboy life and enterprise.

Frank R. Stockton will contribute several of his humorous and fanciful stories.

"Drill." By **John Preston True.** A capital school story for boys.

The Boyhood of Shakespeare, by **Rose Kingsley.** With illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

Short Stories by scores of prominent writers, including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyesen, Nora Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden, Rossiter Johnson, Joaquin Miller, Sophie May, Hezikiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others.

Entertaining Sketches by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Eckford, Lieutenant Schwatka, Edward Eggleston, and others.

Poems, shorter contributions, and departments will complete what the *Rural New-Yorker* calls "the best magazine for children in the world."

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

HEADACHE

and all Bilious Complaints are relieved by taking

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	6.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.25 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	6.55 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	1.17 a. m.

—All persons in arrears for the PRESS, will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

GOOD HORSE for sale Enquire at this office.

☞ Delinquent tax payers,—see notice elsewhere.

—Post Master Douthit lost a fine cow this week.

—Thanks to Hon. James W. Reid, for public documents.

—Lewis Porter has sold his house and lot to Rev. E. P. Parker.

—The collection for Bible Society on Sunday last amounted to $50.

—P. F. Duffy is associated with Col. Polk in the publication of the *Progressive Farmer*.

— We learn that Salem's new Broom Factory, at the Big Coffee Pot, is in operation.

—Mrs. M. H. Hyman is building a neat residence on the lot she purchased on Cherry Street.

—A valuable House and Lot on Marshall Street, Salem, for sale. For particulars apply at this office.

— CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—The pupils of Salem Female Academy enjoyed a select sociable on the evening of the 22nd.

—Next week Dr. Rondthaler will commence the usual lectures, preparatory for confirmation.

—Friday night and Saturday very stormy, since which the weather has been cool but pleasant.

—The *Sentinel* says: W. A. Walker and family, were to leave last Tuesday for their new home in the far West.

—At the colored district school, below town, 129 scholars are enrolled, and the attendance is good and regular.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—A new Post-office has been established at Carlisle, Davidson county, N. C. Mrs. Sallie Holland, post mistress.

— Edward Dull, while crossing a bridge over Muddy Creek in his bottom, one of his mules fell through a bridge and broke its neck.

—The High Point *Enterprise* says that Snow & Co., received last week 23 car loads of lumber, and shipped several loads of sash, doors, etc.

—R. A. Wommack, of Clemmonsville, sold his farm, etc., to Edward Shultz of Old Town, for $2,000, and will move to Winston or Salem.

— SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—The old Winkler house opposite the Big Coffee pot, has been torn down to make room for the large building to be erected there at an early day.

—Washington's Birthday was observed here by closing of Revenue office, Banks, Schools, a military parade in afternoon and serenade at night by Wachovia Band.

—The punishment of imprisonment by the Court is becoming rather expensive to the county, and we are pleased to notice that a county work-house is favorably spoken of, which might be made to save the county considerable expense.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—When old Judge Jowler was tucked in his little bed by Mrs. Mouser he couldn't sleep a wink until the excellent woman had brought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Then he crossed his little hands and sunk in sweet repose.

—Mrs. P. E. Leight, of Waughtown, was agreeably surprised on her return from a visit to this place on Monday last, by meeting some 30 of her relatives and friends at her home, who had assembled to congratulate her on her 50th birthday.

—Mrs. Chas. Fagg, on the 19th, had her foot amputated in Salem. She sprained her ankle when she was a little girl, and has never fully recovered from it although it had not given her much trouble until the last year or more.—*Greensboro Workman.*

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVER-WARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

Dr. Rondthaler's Lecture.

Dr Rondthaler met a large and appreciative audience at Academy Chapel, on Tuesday evening last.

Prof. Agthe and Miss Alice Rondthaler sang a very fine duett, which was well received and added much to the interest of the occasion. Miss Rondthaler fairly eclipsed her previous success in singing.

Dr. Rondthaler gave a running sketch of his tour during the month of January, in the North, visiting the most prominent schools and colleges, and was everywhere very cordially received, being invited to open sessions and address the schools visited.

The high grade of the schools was spoken of, and the moral, mental and physical training described as going hand in hand. There was a continual effort to improve on the past. It was a pleasure to visit and mingle among the scholarly professors, who courteously gave all information required. The lecture was a sketch of the present state of education North, and was given in Dr. Rondthaler's usual earnest manner. The exercises closed with a well rendered piano duett by Misses Vest and Murphy.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—Hopewell school will close next Saturday.

—A few persons in our neighborhood are sowing oats this week.

—Nearly everybody in our vicinity sowed cabbage seed last week.

—There was a good deal of corn ground turned last week in our neighborhood.

—William Paine, of Davidson, is going to build a new dwelling house shortly.

—Henry Enochs is going to build a tobacco barn this spring. He will raise some tobacco this year.

—The school at Pine Grove will close on to-morrow (Friday). Miss Maggie Raper is the teacher.

—Samuel Lambeth whose little son's head was cut so badly with an axe, tells us that the wound is healing nicely.

—Last Monday, Madison Stewart and Richard Beeson killed a beef that averaged 107½ pounds to the quarter.

—The Lutheran Synod of N. C. will meet on Friday before the first Sunday in May, at Union church, in Rowan county.

—Israel Long, a very respectable old gentleman of Midway township, whose health has been very bad for a long time, is still getting worse.

—During the last cold snap, Miss Rosa Nading had a lot of fine Irish potatoes and a quantity of apples to freeze. Also several jars of canned fruit froze and bursted the jars.

—Many persons raised tobacco last year, but generally, they neglected to save tobacco seed. The seed seems a little scarce, and we have heard some enquiring where to find them.

—Rev. E. P. Parker has bought a house and lot in the Western part of Salem, and is moving into it during this week. He has decided to make Salem his permanent home.

—On last Monday, William Yokely came home from a horse trading trip. He did not sell out as the trade in horses is a little dull. Andrew Sink did not come home with Mr. Yokely but is still out trying to sell his horses.

—On Tuesday of last week, a young man named Thomas Essic, was killed near Friedberg, in this county, by a log falling on him at a tobacco barn raising. He died within a few hours after the accident happened.

—Chopping frolics seem to be very common in the country just now; but log rolling frolics can be mentioned almost as a thing of the past. Instead of rolling logs together and burning them as people used to do, they utilize them into wood and rails.

—Mr. —— Warner, of Davidson county, sold one barn of tobacco for $70. He has another one which it is thought will bring more than $100. He usually sells some corn every year and a considerable quantity of wheat each year. People are safe in raising tobacco, if they raise enough bread and meat to do them

—We are in receipt of a copy of the Guntoor Missionary *News*. It is edited and published by Rev. W. P. Swarts, the Lutheran Missionary from the General Synod South, to Guntoor in India. It will be issued quarterly and sent free to the Lutheran families within the bounds of this Synod.

—Shoats are remarkably scarce in our neighborhood. We saw a man last week who had canvassed the neighborhood for them, and had not found any yet. Those who have any to sell receive almost their own prices for them. There would be money in raising shoats on a limited scale.

—There was a call session of the Lutheran Synod of North Carolina, which convened at Mt. Pleasant, on the 9th day of last December. We notice that by Resolutions passed there will be agents in the field to raise an endowment fund of $30,000 for N. C. College, the interest of which will be used to maintain two more professorships in said College.

—We talked with a Mr. Merrell, of Mocksville, Davie county, who tells us that the people of his neighborhood have learned that they must diversify their crops. Those who persist in raising tobacco to the exclusion of bread and meat are all the time getting deeper into debt; and many of them have suffered grievously from the mortgages which they make to obtain fertilizers and provisions. Those who raise several kinds of crops rarely fail in all of them.

—Last week Sanford Spurgeon's little son William had his leg broken by a horse kicking him. He was riding a horse along by a stall in which a horse was haltered, which kicked at the one which the little boy was riding, resulting in the above mentioned accident.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—On Friday of last week, while Samuel Clark (col.,) was digging in the bottom of John D. Leonard's well, in Davidson county, the well caved and pressed the curbing together, but fortunately Clark had the bucket and rope down with him, and those from the top drew him up to the broken curbing, and by force he was drawn through it. He received no injury except having two teeth broken out.

[From the High Point Enterprise.]

Franklin Holton died at his home near Jamestown last Wednesday night, at the age of 58 years He was the father of ex-Postmaster Holton, of High Point.

At last the bank movement is a success. The requisite amount of money for a National bank has been subscribed, and as soon as all necessary arrangements can be made it will be opened for business, which will be about the first of June.

NEW FURNITURE HOUSE.

To the Citizens of Winston and surrounding Country.—We have established a branch house of our large Furniture Factory at Knoxville, Tennessee, on Liberty Street, Winston, near the Post-office, where you can find all grades of furniture at lower prices than ever known in this country. We make our own goods and know what we are selling you. Please give us a call before you buy, and save money by buying from us.

A. KENNEDY, JR., Manager.

The Report of the Grand Jury.

To the Honorable Judge Montgomery of the Superior Court of Forsyth county:

The Grand Jury of the State of North Carolina empannelled to inquire into and for the county of Forsyth at the February term of 1885, do respectfully report as follows:

That they have passed upon all bills of indictment presented to them by the Solicitor 76 in number, of which 69 were returned as true bills and seven ignored.

The Grand Jury have visited the jail and poor house. The jail, in the opinon of the Grand Jury, is entirely too small for the number of persons contained therein. Mr. Henry Burke, the keeper, whose administration we endorse, being compelled to place as many as 8 in one, and the same cell, which we conider should not be. The ventilation, sewerage, etc., is very deficient. The building is entirely unfit for the purpose it is intended.

We must heartily endorse the action of our County Commissioners in the proposed erection of the new jail, and would urge its erection at once, and would further recommend a work-shop as an addition to same for female convicts.

The Poor House, it always kept in as clean and perfect condition as we found it, and we have no doubt but what such is the case, we most heartily commend the overseer, Mr. J. C. Finch as the right man in the right place. We have also examined the Court House and found that repairs were very necessary in several of the rooms.

We desire to express our thanks to the Honorable Court for valuable aid in the performance of our duties, and to the Solicitor, Clerk, Sheriff and subordinates for their courteous attention shown us, all of which is respectfully submitted.

J. T Grubbs, foreman.

J. Blickenderfer, Clerk.

G. A. Pegram,	S. A. Rathliff,
P. A. Stoltz,	I. W. Durham,
C. E. Crews,	Jos. Nelson,
J. A. Shamel,	C. L. Snider.
G. T. Mock,	J. H. Hege,
F. E. Shamel,	S. T. Jones,
J. B. Idol,	J. Z. Hutchin,
J. H. Cox,	W. A. Byerly.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Feb 20th, 1886:

Ladies.

Mrs. Laura Brown, Miss Sallie Miller, Miss Idelia Mack, Miss Cenorah Sides.

Gentlemen.

S. Bitting, Mr. Frank Banner, J. C. Clinard, Franklin Everhart, J. F. Hinson, Mr. Harry Heppler, Klutz & Randleman, J. S. Marble, Wm. Payne, Sandy P. Pfaff (2), Lewis Reed, Geo. S. Rothrock, W. R. Smith, Leo Stafford, Wm. Theroes, Mr. Eli Weavil, Yancey Williard, Geo. Williard.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by Dr. V. O. Thompson, Winston, N. C.

Interesting Experiences.

Hiram Cameron, Furniture Dealer of Columbus, Ga., tells his experience, thus: "For three years have tried every remedy on the market for Stomach and Kidney Disorders, but got no relief until I used Electric Bitters. Took five bottles and am now cured, and think Electric Bitters the best Blood Purifier in the world."— Maj. A. B. Reed, of West Liberty, Ky., used Electric Bitters for an old standing Kidney affection and says: "Nothing has ever done me so much good as Electric Bitters."— Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Dr. V. O. Thompson, of Winston.

—If you want your WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers*, go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Feb. 16.—On yesterday, Judge J. F. Graves, who is holding Henderson Court, re-sentenced Lewis Kilgore, colored, who was tried and convicted a year ago for the murder of Mat Henderson, white. His sentence is to take effect on May 7th.

—Mr. William Rowzee, one of Salisbury's oldest and most valued citizens, died a few days ago, aged 76 years. His wife died a fortnight before, aged 75. They kept a hotel at Salisbury for many years and were widely known by the travelling public.

—Col. John K. Connally, is on his way to Madrid, Spain. He goes there in response to a telegram giving tidings of the serious illness of his wife, who accompanied her sister, the wife of minister J. L. M. Curry, to Spain.

—Several of the citizens of Durham have refused to pay their graded school tax, the *Tobacco Plant* says, and suit will be at once instituted and the matter carried to the supreme court for final adjudication. It is claimed that the act is unconstitutional. The question will be hotly contested.

—Some of our best citizens have been humbugged, the past week, by men going through the country telling the most pitiful tales and pretending to sell goods at great bargains. Some of our citizens have bit at their bait and are now lamenting their misfortunes. Better trade with our own merchants and let these traveling humbugs alone.—*Morganton Star.*

– Mr. Robert G. Lindsay, one of the oldest citizens of Greensboro, died Sunday morning a week ago about 11 o'clock. He had been in feeble health for some years. He was 70 years old. Mr. Lindsay was an upright, honorable man—highly respected by all citizens. He had a large and interesting family. Jesse H. Lindsay is the only brother surviving him.

–Major Peter W. Hairston, of North Carolina, died—it is supposed suddenly, Wednesday of last week, in Baltimore. He was a member of a firm of commission merchants in that city, but spent the most of his time at his homestead at Sauratown, Stokes county. He married a daughter of the late Judge Caldwell, of Salisbury, and she and three or four children survive him. Maj. Hairston was probably the largest landed proprietor in the State, owning vast tracts of land in Rowan, Davie, Davidson, Stokes, and probably other counties. He was a most genial and estimable gentleman. His age was probably 60 years.—*Statesville Landmark.*

SEED OATS! SEED OATS!!

Black and *White Seed Oats*, on hand and for sale by

F. & H. FRIES, Salem, N. C.

MARRIED.

On the 16th, by Rev. J. C. Patterson, at his residence, JAMES L. MOOR to Miss ELIZABETH CHADWICK, all of Forsyth.

DIED.

In Winston, on the 15th inst., ROBAH, son of Henry Burke, aged 3 years.

In Baltimore, on the 17th inst., Major PETER W. HAIRSTON, well known throughout Western North Carolina.

In Salem, on the 20th inst., of pneumonia, Miss ELLEN SNIDER, aged about 20 years.

Near Fair Grove, Mo., Mrs. MARGARET H. HINE, (nee Clodfelter,) wife of E. P. Hine, of typhoid pneumonia, after an illness of 13 days, leaving a devoted husband and 10 children—3 boys and 7 girls.—4 of the girls being married. She bore her affliction with christian resignation.

Mr. Hine and family removed to Missouri in August, 1866.

Mrs. AMELIA BUTLER, wife of L. Q. C. Butner, died on the 9th inst., at her home near County Line, in Davie county, of apoplexy. She leaves an aged husband, 3 sons and many friends to mourn.

OBITUARY.

Bro. JOSEPH ERWIN JOHNSON was born near Clemmonsville, Davidson county, N. C., Feb. 14th, 1862, and departed this life Feb. 16th, 1886. He was 24 years and 2 days old. Bro. JOSEPH JOHNSON was converted to God in 1883. During his short life after his conversion, he lived a consistment member of the Methodist E. Church, in Clemmonsville. He was ever ready to respond to the Church when called upon. While growing up into manhood and up to his death, he was a pattern for the young and even the old to study. Bro. JOHNSON was honest, true and charitable. His disease was of such a nature that he could not wear it out; so severe was it, that he hardly recognized anything. He leaves a father, six sisters, three brothers and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn over his new grave. We believe that he died in the faith of his Master and with a promise of a happy resurrection,

Harps of solemn sound above,
Swell loud praises to his love;
Oh! how sweet these sounds will be,
Is there one prepared for me?

A FRIEND.

NOTICE
TO DELINQUENT TAXPAYERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED having taken the tax books of A. Fogle, Ex Sheriff of Forsyth County, for the townships of Winston, Broadbay and South Fork, for the purpose of collecting the taxes yet on said books due for the years 1879 to 1884 inclusive, hereby notify all persons who have not paid their taxes for any one of the said years to come forward and settle the same within the next thirty days and save advertising costs. If not paid within the time above given we will proceed to collect by advertising and the sale of property.

C. S SPACH,
J. H. ZEVELY,
Tax Collectors.

Feb. 12—4t.

WE ARE GOING TO BREAK!

We don't mean to say that we are going to make a deed of trust, but we do mean to say that in order to raise the money needed to pay our creditors what is justly due them, we are, during the next sixty (60) days,

GOING TO BREAK

into the established rule of business which grants to a merchant a reasonable and living profit on his wares. We are going to

KNOCK OFF THAT PROFIT,

AND IF NECESSARY A PART OF THE COST ALSO.

We have sold lots of Goods this season, but our Store is filled with as

GOOD GOODS AS WERE EVER OFFERED

to any people, and it is these goods that we propose to sell, at heretofore unheard of prices.

This is no advertisement made to induce people to come to our store and then not make good our promises. ***WE MEAN BUSINESS.***

The Goods must Go! Money must Come!

Everybody knows that we keep THE VERY BEST of

CLOTHING, CLOTHING,

FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS and CHILDREN,

and this sale includes them all!

Give Us a Call and You will go away Convinced that We are in Earnest.

Our Store is on MAIN STREET, the Third (3rd) Door from Third Street. Don't miss the place, and you will go away with more Goods for the same amount of money that you will again have the opportunity to buy.

Respectfully,

M. M. STEIN, Proprietor.

BALTIMORE CLOTHING HOUSE, (GRANITE FRONT).

Main Street, WINSTON, N. C.

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE,

Not simply a dry Catalogue, but a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1,000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of

SEEDS AND PLANTS,

and how to get and grow them. Printed in English and German. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order.

BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

FORGET-ME-NOT. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

STILL AHEAD!!!

Our men are now busy making Stove Pipe to fit up in first-class style the

CAR LOAD OF

COOKING AND HEATING

STOVES

JUST RECEIVED.

Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A NEW FEATURE!

We have perfected arrangements with Northern firms, by which all styles of

BRASS GOODS, ANDIRONS, FENDERS, GRATES, &c.; also PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TILE for Mantels and Hearths.

WIRE GOODS,

RAILINGS,

IRON FENCING, &c.,

can be delivered here at New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore prices. We are always glad to show our stock

OR ORDER GOODS IN OUR LINE.

Roofing, Guttering, Tin Ware, &c., still done with neatness and care. Thanking the public for past patronage,

Respectfully,

GIERSH, SENSEMAN & CO.,

MAIN ST., SALEM, N. C.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale a valuable tract of land in Clemmonsville township, Davidson county, cornering on Main Street, in the town of Clemmonsville, adjoining the lands of R. A. Wommack, containing

68 ACRES,

more or less, part in cultivation and part in good woodland. Terms cash.

ALEXANDER DELAP.

Feb. 11, 1886.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C

THE

Philadelphia

Weekly Times.

Attractive: Entertaining: Instructive: The Family Journal of America.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

ILLUSTRATED IN EVERY ISSUE.

A Paper for the Homes of the Land-Sparkling and Original in Every Feature.

ON the First of January next, a new departure in every feature of the Weekly TIMES will be made. Every number will be liberally illustrated in its War contributions, which have so long been a specialty in its columns, and in its Stories, which will be greatly enlarged from the pens of the best writers, and in current History, Biography, Politics, Art, Science and the leading events of the day.

The time has passed for the weekly journal of the city to fill the place of a newspaper. The daily newspaper from the great centres of news now reaches in every section of land. Every inland city and every town of importance have their daily newspapers, and the local weekly, with the wonderful progress in provincial journalism, meets every want that the daily newspaper fails to supply. The metropolitan weekly of today must be much more than a newspaper; it must be a magazine of family reading; it must lead the magazine in popular literature; it must lead it in popular illustration, and it must meet every requirement of the intelligent reader of every class.

STORIES OF THE WAR

Will be published in each number from the ablest writers who participated in the bloody drama of civil strife, and each will be profusely illustrated. The most entertaining and instructive STORIES from the best writers of fiction will appear in each issue, with illustrations.

TERMS:

Sold by all news agents AT FIVE CENTS PER COPY. By mail, $2 per year, or $1 for six months. Clubs of ten, $15, and an extra copy to the getter up of the club. Address,

THE TIMES,

TIMES BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Executor of the will of Henry A. Lemly, dec'd, on the 26th day of January, 1886, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said Henry A. Lemly, to make payment and settlement. And all persons having claims against said estate, will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. A. LEMLY, *Executor.*

Feb. 8th, 1886—4t.

GOOD
BOOKS
AT
COST.

Wishing to reduce our stock of

BOOKS

AND

STATIONERY,

before the Fall Trade begins we will sell

AT & BELOW COST

a large lot of

SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS

for all classes and all tastes. There is no mistake about this. The list includes some of Houghton & Mifflin's popular Novels and Biographies. Don't fail to call and examine the Stock.

A lot of

Fancy Goods,

consisting of

WORK BOXES,

SATCHELS,

SCRAP BOOKS,

and numerous other articles of value.

ALL

AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

BLUM'S
BOOKSTORE,

MAIN STREET,

SALEM, - - - N. C.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE R.
N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte,	4.50 a m	6.30 p m
" Salisbury,	6. 2 a m	7.50 p m
" Lexington,	7.45 a m	8.52 p m
Arrive Greensboro,	8.17 a m	9.18 p m
Leave "	9.35 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro,	11.39 a m	
" Durham,	12.13 p m	
" Raleigh,	1.20 p m	
Leave "	2.28 p m	
Arrive Goldsboro,	4.40 p m	

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6 00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, .00

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R., for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52 D ai
Leave Goldsboro,	12.35 p m	
Arrive Raleigh,	3.00 p m	
Leave "	5.00 p m	
Arrive Durham,	6.07 p m	
" Hillsbo	6.47 p m	
" Greens	9.00 p m	
Leave "	11.21 p m	9.36 a m
Arrive Lexington,	p m	10.40 a m
" Salisbury,	a	11.10 a m
" Charlotte,		12.35 p m

No. 16—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	11.35 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	12.39 p m
" Salem,	1.17 p m

No. 52—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	9.46 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	10.50 a m
" Salem,	11.25 a m

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.55 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	7.30 p m
" Arrive Greensboro,	8.35 p m

No. 53—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.40 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	8.05 a m
" Greensboro,	8.05 a m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	10.25 a m
Arrive University,	11.25 p m

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	5.00 p m
Arrive University,	6.00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	6.30 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	7.31 p m

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	11.54 a m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	12.54 p m

Buffet Sleeping Cars Without Change.

On Trains 50 and 51, between New York and Atlanta, and between Greensboro and Asheville.

Through Pullman Sleepers on Trains 52 and 53, between Washington and Augusta, and Danville and Richmond, and Washington and New Orleans.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, for all points South, South-west, West, North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

A. L. RIVES, 2d V. P. and Gen. Manager. M. SLAUGHTER, Gen. Pass. Agent. Richmond, Va.

CONTINENTAL

HOOF OINTMENT

—WILL CURE—

Hard and Cracked Hoofs, Sprains, Sores, Swelled Limbs, Mange, Galls, Burns, Scratches, &c., &c., &c.

Is not affected by exposure to the air: does not become rancid; contains no poisons; can be used on all sorts of animals; is perfectly clean and can be used on the human body as effectively as for animals.

Refer to R. W. Belo, Belo House, and Harrison Crouse, who have used the ointment, and highly recommend it.

For Sale at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

☞ **Cheapest and Best.** ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

UNEQUALED PREMIUMS for 1886!

FULL SIZE DRESS-PATTERN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merits, than any other. Its immense circulation and long-established reputation enable its proprietor to distance all competition. In short, it has the

Best Steel-Engravings,
Best Colored Fashions,
Best Dress Patterns,
Best Original Stories,
Best Work-Table Patterns,
Best Music, Etc., Etc.

The stories, novelets, etc., in "Peterson," are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. Every month a FULL-SIZE DRESS-PATTERN is given, which is alone worth the price of the number. Every month, also, there appears a

MAMMOTH COLORED FASHION PLATE

engraved on steel, TWICE THE SIZE OF OTHERS, and superbly colored. Also, Household, Crockery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.

Terms, always in advance, $2.00 a Year.

☞ UNPARALLELED OFFER TO CLUBS. ☜

2 Copies for $3.50. 3 Copies for $4.50. With the "Forget-Me-Not," a splendidly illustrated album, or a large steel engraving, "The Angel of Paradise," for getting up the Club.

4 Copies for $6.50. 6 Copies for $9.00. With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1886, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.

5 Copies for $8.00. 7 Copies for $10.50. With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1886, and the large steel engraving, or the "Forget Me-Not," to the person getting up the Club.

For Larger Clubs Still Greater Inducements.

Peterson's Magazine and PEOPLE'S PRESS for 3.00. The best club offer ever made.

Address, post-paid,
CHAS. J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

THE FORGER'S PROFESSION.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCHEMERS WHO SWINDLE BANKS.

Details of a "Business" That is Carried on With Much System—The "Backer" and His Assistants.

Describing the habits of forgers to a New York *World* reporter, Detective Pinkerton said:

"There are residing in the city of New York, and in some of the other large cities of the United States, men who make it a business and a study to concoct schemes to swindle banks by means of forged checks, notes, drafts, bills of exchange, letters of credit, etc., and in some instances getting up forged and counterfeit bonds to hypothecate for loans. These are the men who lay out the plans for all the great schemes worked by forgers from time to time on the banks in this city and other banks throughout the country. These men are possessed of considerable capital, and are known as the 'capitalists' or 'backers.'

"The business of the capitalist or backer is to get the genuine paper from which the forgeries are made, to prepare or have prepared the counterfeit blank check, draft, letter of credit or bill of exchange, and, in cases where it is necessary, to procure a 'crooked' engraver or lithographer to make an exact duplicate of the genuine paper to be operated upon. This backer has generally an expert penman at his command, who, under his directions, does the forging, the penman writing in the names and such amounts as the backer may direct him to do, and, in fact, getting up the paper in shape to be presented at the bank. In this shape the paper is delivered by the forger or penman to the backer. The backer then calls in the services of a party known between themselves as a 'go-between' or 'middle-man,' and to the go-between he passes over the forged paper, with full directions as to how he desires it passed at the banks. The go-between is, as a rule, some man who has had at least one and sometimes two or three convictions for criminal offense recorded against him. He is generally a man who has considerable acquaintance among that class of criminals who are at all times willing to take great chances to make money by laying down forged paper. The object of selecting a man as a go-between who has previously been convicted of some crime is to weaken his testimony in case at any time he should be arrested, and, in order to help himself out or lessen his punishment, concludes to turn State's evidence against the backer.

"Being an ex-convict, it would require strong corroborative evidence to allow a court to have a jury convict the backer, and the backer, appreciating that state of things, is careful in all he does to do it in such a way as to guard against corroborative evidence accumulating against him. The parties whom the go-between selects to pass the forged paper, or in their own language, to 'lay down the checks,' are known as presenters. These men are very numerous, of all ages and appearances, from the party who will pass as the errand boy, porter or clerk, to the man of business appearance or the retired merchant. In selecting these presenters, the go-between, like the backer, is careful only to select men who have had one or more previous records of conviction against them. His object is the same as that of the backer, to invalidate their testimony to some extent in case they get in trouble and make a confession implicating the party from whom they obtained the forged paper. Sometimes another party is introduced in the gang by the go-between, whose business it is to follow the party to whom the go-between gives the check (the presenter) from the time the check is given to him until he presents it for payment and returns with the money to the go-between. This man is called the shadow. In case the presents is not successful, but is arrested in the attempt to pass the check, the shadow immediately conveys word to the go-between, who conveys word to the backer, but in many cases the shadow is left out, and in order to cut down expenses the go-between does the shadowing himself, especially if the check is to be passed on a bank where he is not likely to be recognized.

"In case the presenter is arrested the go-between notifies the attorney who attends to all criminal cases for the backer. The attorney calls and sees the prisoner, and his business is to instruct the prisoner to keep his mouth shut, to talk to no one and he will secure bail for him. The attorney finally tells him he cannot get bail for him, but will get him off with a light sentence if he is convicted, or if he is a young man he promises to have him sent to the reformatory through influence which he claims to have with the court or with the district-attorney. All this is done to keep him quiet. Finally the lawyer, by his promises and sometimes threats, induces him to plead guilty, and when this is done the presenter gets a long term of imprisonment, the attorney for the backer gets his fee, and the go-between can come out again and get some dupe to pass his forged paper, and when arrested be humbugged into State prison. The influence of the backer or his money causes the presenter to be watched from the time of his arrest until he is landed in prison. The money obtained on forged paper is divided about as follows:

To the presenter, for passing checks under $500, 15 to 20 per cent.
Passing checks from $500 to $1,000, 20 per cent.
Passing checks from $1,000 to $3,000, 25 to 30 per cent.
Passing checks from $5,000 upward, 35 to 40 per cent.

"The go-between gets for his share from ten to fifteen or twenty-five per cent. The shadow gets whatever they are willing to give him, probably five per cent. The backer takes the balance, and out of his amount is paid the penman, the engraver and the lithographer, and an occasional fee to the attorney when any of the gang is in trouble, but the attorney is expected to get the principal part of his fee out of the prisoner. This gang frequently makes trips all over the country, defrauding banks with this forged paper. They generally travel under the management of the go-between, the backer seldom going; but he furnishes the forged paper in a completed state, possibly with the exception of the number and date of the check or draft, which can be put in by the go-between. The presenter rarely, if ever, knows any one connected with the scheme outside of the go-between, and if there is more than one presenter it frequently happens that they are not allowed to see or know each other. The shadow as a rule is not told the names of the parties whom he is told to shadow by the go-between, nor does he know their address or resorts unless, as often happens through carelessness, they permit him to become aware of it. The go-between knows the backer, but is not supposed to know the forger or engraver. By this system the heads of a gang of forgers expect to escape arrest or punishment.

In a valiant suffering for others, and not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men, fronting the peril which frightens back all others—which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.

Occupation is a necessity of the young. They love to be busy about something, however trifling, and if not directed to some useful employment will soon engage in something that is evil, thus verifying the old proverb that "idleness is the mother of mischief."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Summing Things.

A farmer is not smart when he sells his pork for a price below the cost of production when he can make it turn him more. Hams and shoulders always bring a good price and so does nicely cured bacon. Home-tried lard will always sell at an advance and everybody likes spare-ribs and headcheese. This includes all of the pig. A Western man would not think of being a small pork packer to the extent of a few pigs, as things are done on such a big scale out there.

It is said a high-backed horse is the one best calculated to ride. And a low-backed one to draw a load. This is the anatomy of it.—*Our Country Home.*

"Fixing" a Grooved Grindstone.

There is no farmer, perhaps, who has not been annoyed at having his grindstone hollowed by careless grinding. In fact, it is almost impossible to grind scythe blades and certain tools without concaving the stone, and when in this condition nothing can be ground with satisfaction. The simplest and most effective way to get such a stone into its proper shape is to grind a dull spade upon it, holding the spade flat and square across the stone at the proper angle for grinding the tool. It will surprise any one to see how quickly and nicely the stone can be leveled down, and when the job is done the spade is sharp. No other implement about the farm will answer for this purpose so well as the spade.

Shrubs.

Have you but few shrubs growing in the "front yard?" If you have plenty of room for them, get more. You can find plenty of desirable kinds described in the catalogues of the florists. I would always advise having the flower-beds at one side, or, at least, in some place where they will not interfere with the making of a smooth, velvety sward between the house and street. In this shrubs can be planted, but do not cut it up for beds if you can have them anywhere else. If the yard is small, do not scatter many shrubs about it, but plant new kinds along the fences, or in such a position that they do not "clutter up" the expanse which reaches from the front of the house to the gate. Often one or two shrubs will produce a good effect where half a dozen would make everything look crowded, and the general effect would be bad. Shrubs, to produce a good effect, scattered about a yard, want elbow-room. If you can't give it, and desire to add to your collection, set them along the fence, as I have said before, and let them make a sort of hedge or screen. No yard should be without shrubs of some sort, add in some quantity, unless it be of the six-by-ten kind which we see in the cities, sometimes.—*Our Country Home.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

If there is no gain in the stock there is a loss.

Feed the farrow cow, the milk will pay for it.

Feed for gain, not to live, as that is loss. How?

Mutton is cheap. Buy round, fat sheep and corn them a la-beef.

The way to get manure is to make it, and the time to use it is as soon after it is made as practicable.

The real dog needed on the farm is one that will hole a woodchuck at any hour in the day or night and will lay by the hole and watch until he captures his game.

It always pays to select good tools, even if you are obliged to pay a little more for them, as the quality of the work done and their durability will very soon make up for their small additional cost.

Instead of putting fertilizers on the wheat crop to help the grass, the plan should be reversed, and fertilizers of all kinds should be put on the grass a year or two before it is plowed for wheat or corn.

Ordinarily almost anything capable of growing a green leaf is thought good enough to sow to grass, and there are too many cases where, after exhausting the soil by overcropping, it is without more ado sown to grass.

Why should you waste grape-wood and time and labor in handling by making three-eye cuttings when two-eye cuttings will grow as well and make better shape and otherwise as good plants? Only in case of very close-jointed varieties three eyes to the cutting may be preferable.

Never let weeds grow in the pots about your plants. If you do, their unsightliness detracts from the effect of the plant, and they rob the plant of a great deal of nutriment. Keep the soil stirred on the surface. This will prevent weeds from obtaining a foothold, and it will add to the thrift of the plant.

Vines, the wood of which is to be used for cuttings, should not be pruned until you are ready to make the cuttings. Tie them in bundles of fifty and pack them in slightly damp sand, out of the reach of the frost. If in the cellar, it is necessary to guard against excessive moisture and mold. Leave them there until wanted for planting.

The breeding sow should have a comfortable pen during cold weather, but it should not be made so close as to exclude outward air. In the confined, ill-ventilated bed, the pig's health is impaired, and it is all the more likely to catch cold when it ventures out for food. A nearly uniform temperature is more important for the pig than for any other domestic animal, as they have little outward protection.

Tobacco refuse, like the stems, is a powerful and quick-acting fertilizer, particularly rich in mineral elements, and at the same time distasteful to insects. Used liberally as mulch for gooseberries and currant bushes, it generally protects them from the attacks of the troublesome worm. Applied in the same way around squash and other vines in the garden, it has a tendency to keep the striped bug and the squash borer at bay.

In the care of vineyards, the work of pruning and making cuttings can go on at any time when the weather permits. If there is a mere possibility that the vines may be injured by the cold, lay down the tender varieties, or, better, lay them all down. Simply laying the vines down flat upon the ground and holding them fast there by placing a stone or a little soil on the top is not a troublesome task.

Make sure of the ventilators in your poultry houses, and so arrange that a constant ventilation is going on from within three inches of the floor, and that a trap be also arranged in them near the roof so that when your house is damp and cold, and anchor frost is standing on rafters and roof that you may open the traps for an hour while you burn a kerosene lamp in the house. This will take the dampness all away, when the traps should be again closed. Ventilation is of vast importance in chicken culture.

Household Hints.

TO CLEAN BEDROOM LOOKING-GLASSES.—Wash with a soft sponge dipped in warm soapsuds. Dry carefully with a cloth, and then sprinkle with fine powdered chalk or whiting tied in a piece of muslin, and polish with a leather. Large mirrors may be done in the same way. To give it a better polish before applying the chalk, dip the sponge in clean water and squeeze it out, and then dip it into spirits of wine and rub over the glass. Only take care that the sponge does not touch the frames, if unvarnished; but if varnished they may be cleaned with the spirits of wine as well as the glass. If white spots appear on varnished furniture hot coals held at some little distance over the part will take them out. Care, of course, must be taken not to scorch them or to injure the surface of the wood. China or glass vessels are best cleaned with the finest fuller's earth. If they have any close smell powdered charcoal will remove it. If washing with it does not succeed, leave the article with the charcoal in it for a few days.

LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.—When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last. When linen has been scorched, use the following remedy: Add a quart of vinegar, the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a fourth of a pound of fuller's earth, an ounce of lime and one ounce of pearl ash. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it on the scorched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless it is so much scorched that the fibre is destroyed. A little pipe clay, dissolved in the water used for washing linen, will clean it thoroughly, with half the amount of soap and a great diminution of labor. The article will be greatly improved in color, and the texture will be benefited.

HOW TO COOK APPLES.—Pleasant as the apple is by itself, it needs assistance in cooking. Its taste requires nearly always to be heightened by other fruity flavors, to be crossed with spices, to be enriched with butter, or to be magnified in contrast with sugars and creams. For the fruity flavor it mixes best with apricots and quinces; a mash or marmalade of either of these is excellent in any of the cooked preparations, and the addition of lemon juice is almost imperative. For spicy additions the old English way was to add cloves to every form of baked apple, but especially to apple-pie; now it is more usual to employ ground cinnamon, and nutmeg, and the zest of either oranges or lemons, are also in favor. Butter, in combination with sugar, gives a peculiar richness to cooked apples; but for the most part it should not be added till the last moment, and not at all if the apples are to be eaten cold. Sugar helps the apple much—even a sweet one—in the process of cooking; but if it is also necessary to add sugar at table, there is more of a flavor that goes well with the apple in some of the best brown sorts than in pounded loaf-sugar. Cream also is generally added at the table, and all the world knows how its blandness contrasts with and brings into relief the fine acid of the fruit. Which of these helps shall be chosen for the apple must be left to individual taste and to the accidents of time and place. They are more or less required for every form of cooked apple. Two words more—the first, that apples, as fast as they are peeled and cut, must be thrown into cold water to keep them white, and lemon-juice will recover their whiteness if they should happen to lose it; the second, that it is always good to follow the Continental plan of dividing cooked apples into two portions—the one to be cooked longer than the other, and reduced to a mash or marmalade. In a pie, for example, place a mash or marmalade of apples at the bottom of the dish, and heap on this the raw slices, which are to be baked enough, but not so much as to lose their solidity.—*London Confectioner.*

A Chinese Printing Office.

A reporter on the San Francisco *Report*, who recently made a trip to the Chinese quarters, says that a visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that is interesting. Movable types are in use in the San Francisco Chinese newspaper offices. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is inked and pressed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper that is to be. The Chinese pressman prints thirteen papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing office has never been struck by lightning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not yet arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper.

The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on a loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In one instance, on Washington street, a barber shop is run in the same apartment with the editorial room, and in all cases no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far, either.

A Wonderful Cave.

A wonderful cave has recently been explored in Snake valley, Pine county, Nevada. It consists of a great number of appartments connected by long galleries and ornamented with beautiful stalactites of a transparent whiteness. The largest room yet found is 500 feet long, 200 feet wide, and 150 feet in height. Fanciful names have been given to the objects met with in the course of the exploration. Solomon's temple is a magnificent stalagmite column, Cleopatra's needle is a slender shaft beautifully fluted, and the grand cathedral is an enormous pile of white stalagmites eighty-five feet in circumference and twenty-five feet in height, and surmounted by a dome of good proportions. The cave also contains little lakes and streams, and one seeming waterfall, a vast sheet of shining, icy-looking stalagmite, that has been christened Niagara.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A storehouse belonging to the Mohave Indians, situated on the bank of the Colorado river, opposite Fort Mohave, Arizona Territory, fell recently, killing one Indian and severely wounding two others. The accident was caused by piling several tons of mesquite beans and corn on the roof. The Indian who was killed was immediately placed on a couple of cords of wood and burned to ashes, after which the Indians proceeded to burn everything belonging to him, and to kill his horses and have a big feast.

CAPTURING A DEVIL FISH.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE OFF THE FLORIDA COAST.

A Marine Monster That Fought Long and Hard for Life—Eighteen Feet From Wing to Wing.

It has been suggested to the writer by our mutual friend, Dr. Ferber, that some of the incidents which occurred during a certain trip made last season down the western coast of the peninsula of Florida were worth preserving. If it were possible to picture to your readers the events of such a day as vividly as memory presents them to the actors, then might this communication justify itself. The day selected for the experiment is March 10, 1885. The boat is the sloop "Ella M. Little," of about eight tons, Captain and owner, Alfred P. Jones. Pilot, Wilson; Christian name omitted, as a suspicion exists that he never was properly baptized. Able seaman, Abram. Supernumeraries, Messrs. Blank and Black, otherwise the "big" and "little" doctor, well-known physicians of Chicago, genial companions, ardent sportsmen; and lastly, the writer. Time, sunrise. Location, a few miles south of Punta Rassa, and just opposite the entrance to Estero Bay.

The day is a perfect one, the air soft, balmy and inspired by a gentle breeze from the west. One of the party is seated upon the cabin sweeping the horizon with his omnipresent field glass.

"Pilot, what's that big fin half a mile away on the weather bow?"

"Devil fish."

"Devil fish! Pilot, that's what we are here for. We want that fish."

"You don't want to fool with no devil fish; there ain't no child's play about them."

"Pilot, we want that fish."

"Yes," adds the little doctor; "we will have him if we have to follow him home."

"Well, if I must, I must, but you've got to tend the line, and the others get into the cockpit out of the way. I don't want any one killed by this foolishness."

"We will do as we are told, if it is to jump overboard; only strike that fish!"

Off came the pilot's coat, shoes and stockings, the anchors are carried aft, everything movable taken from the forward deck, and three or four hundred feet of half inch manilla rope coiled there. The jib is hauled down and carefully lashed. The pilot plants himself upon the bowsprit, with his heavy pole balanced in his right hand, his left gathering in a few coils of the line which he has just attached firmly to the harpoon. The hand of the captain is on the tiller, while his eyes follow every motion of the pilot. Abram stands by the halliards ready for the expected order. One of the passengers, with hands trembling with excitement, holds the line, prepared to give it a turn around the windlass or his own neck, as he may be instructed. The other two sit with the riles on the top of the cabin, equally ready to jump overboard or down among the coils of line, according as the one or the other gives promise of most excitement.

Thod! Crash! A young waterspout under the bow, a line whizzing through torn and blistered fingers.

"Down mainsail. Give that line a turn round the windlass. Hard down your helm. Catch that pole." But everything cannot be done at once. The line has a double turn around the windlass; the sloop is already plowing the water in the direction of the great fish, and the harpoon pole is fifty yards astern. Into the skiff tumbles one of the party, and, pulling vigorously, soon recovers the pole. To turn is less easy, and when, after a long pull, our friend is within forty yards of the sloop, the monster, suddenly changing his course, swims straight for the little boat. For a moment the occupant contemplates the sport of the chase from an unusual standpoint (for a man), but happily his boat is barely touched by one of the great wings of the gigantic "sea bat," and he soon finds himself safe (and warm) on board. Back comes the fish, and a casual blow makes our craft shiver from stem to stern, and suggests that we owe much to the ignorance of our prey.

Somebody's rifle cracks, and the spouting blood and crimson wake promise to our inexperience the approaching termination of our resistance, and consequently of sport. But neither one bullet nor the score that follow it avail in the direction of our anticipations. Deeper and deeper swims the fish, now probably forty feet below the surface, but straight out into the gulf, and with increasing velocity. The occupants of a pleasure yacht which we pass gaze with wonder upon a sloop bowling along against wind and wave without a sail set. The wind is increasing; waves rising; hours passing. The weight of three men is constantly on the line hauling in as opportunity offers, paying out as the vagaries of the fish demand.

Our captain, after a glance in the direction of the now invisible shore and another toward some fast gathering clouds, incidentally observes, "That devil fish is bound for Mexico."

"Then so are we, captain."

And yet something must be done. To openly suggest cutting the line would expose one to the risk of assassination.

So another turn of the line around the windlass, the bars inserted, and the sloop walked up toward the fish until the parting of one of the strands of the rope warns us we must draw the line of mechanical force somewhere.

But now the back of the monster is again seen near the surface and some thirty feet beyond the bowsprit. Another harpoon is hastily prepared, another thud, flurry, and renewed excitement. Now we have two lines on the windlass. Soon the devil fish is swimming directly under the bow, but with undiminished energy. A great shark hook is soon cast in his cavernous mouth, its heavy chain carried aft and made fast, the the big mainsail and jib hoisted, and our bow pointed away from the heavy wind now blowing straight for Estero bay. We sit upon the stern of the sloop watching the great mouth, the curious horn-like flippers, and the wonderful power and grace of the propeller-like wings, as with oft-loosening chain the great fish swims easily after us.

As we reach the entrance to Estero bay, and are about entering it, our captive suddenly awakens to the possibility that perhaps he is after all not carrying out his own ideas. His propellers are worked backward, the spray covers us, the commotion in the water is tremendous, and for a moment the result seems doubtful. But wind and sail prevail; it is a dying flurry. Soon we have him anchored as near the shore as six men aided by pulleys can bring him; his broad back (eighteen feet from wing to wing) above the water so that we can safely venture on it. We examine the curious half fish and half leeches which have domiciled themselves upon the back of our victim, and are greedily sucking the wounds made by our rifles. We remove a square yard or so of the tough and rasp-like hide with a view to future slippers, and proceed to sink a shaft through gristle and flesh (bone there is none) into the creature's interior.

It is already sunset, and our caterer invites us to indicate our preferences in the matter of a proposed supper. The firm flesh of the fish with its steaks of bright red and pure white suggests the answer, and we try a gastronomic experiment, which is as successful as we believe it to be unique.—*Forest and Stream.*

A snow-plow is like a bad habit—A good thing to cut adrift.—*Boston Bulletin.*

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

All colors are illustrated in the delicate pearl beads.

Fans are more and more elegant as the days go by.

Gray and garnet is a favorite Parisian combination.

Dressy mantles of plush have small sling sleeves.

Woolen lace is now interwoven with gold and silver.

Porcupine cloth grows in fashion with the ultra fashionable.

Fur-trimmed costumes of jersey cloth are among the latest importations.

Golden brown and reseda are the newest Parisian combination of colors.

It is sad, but it's a fact, there are no bonnets for elderly women this winter.

Soutaches, plastron, collar and cuffs are an effective adornment to plain bodices.

Brocade frise and coupe plush has alternating stripes of gold tinsel that will not tarnish.

Some velvet bonnets which are bordered with fur have the strings edged with fur also.

Three sets of buttons of like pattern but different sizes are worn on cloak or jacket and dress.

Algernon Sartoris and his wife (once Nellie Grant) are living in South Kensington, London.

Quilted satin skirtings come by the yard to be made up to wear with the many styles of short jackets.

Young ladies' evening dresses are very simple, and natural flowers are the most fashionable garniture.

A gold anvil with the smith's hammer lying on it is one of the latest novelties for brooches, clasps or sleeve-buttons.

Fleece-lined silk gloves are growing in favor. They are less cumbersome than woolen and less troublesome than kid.

A Russian countess with a long name drives in Paris with three horses abreast, each horse having a Siberian fur blanket.

Flowers are to be considered with every entertainment given, and they figure to a large extent in the adornment of evening dresses.

They say there is a separate style of dress for almost every purchaser. Certain is it, there never was offered so many different varieties as this season, nor so many novelties.

At Oakland, Cal., lives Mrs. A. C. Bayant, now aged, once a belle, whom George IV. once kissed, and to whom Napoleon III. is said to have offered his heart, hand and empire.

Egyptian and Japanese jewelry vie with each other for richness and variety. Tigers, cats, dogs, horses, lizards, serpents and monkeys are the subjects used to make brooches, etc.

The ultra fashionable woman can make her bonnet serve a useful purpose if she will have its brim edged with English sparrow heads instead of a rarer variety of birds, and help free the land of this increasing pest.

A bonnet for reception wear has the crown of pearl-embroidered velvet and a high brim of puffed moss-green velvet. It is simply trimmed with a bow of velvet ribbon and a white aigrette. The strings are of ribbon.

This is certainly not a diamond season; the diamond is made to "set" the more common stones, and the proper value of the other stones is being ascertained. Grace and beauty of setting are the elements of stylish jewelry this season.

A bonnet of black velvet has the crown studded with triangular-cut jet beads and the brim is covered with black lace. A few long loops of gold-colored faille francaise ribbon are posed directly in front. The strings are of black velvet.

Princess Isabeau, who recently inherited $1,000,000 from her mother, keeps twenty dogs and twenty cats in her Parisian palace, who, being fed to the full, agree very happily together. She is going to found a home for the aged and indigent of both races.

Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, gave a party in honor of her seventeen-year-old son's birthday. It was a Mikado ball, and the decorations alone cost $10,000, or more than ten times as much as it costs to costume some of the Mikado companies now prancing around the country.

Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, is said to be preparing a volume of her reminiscences and experiences, and as she was a belle at Washington sixty years ago, and has seen the best people and places at home and abroad, she cannot fail to favor the public with an uncommonly interesting book.

WISE WORDS.

A little praise is good for a shy temper; it teaches us to rely on kindness of others.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the fourth wit.

It is better to sow a good heart with kindness than a field with corn, for the heart's harvest is perpetual.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

The man who is jealous and envious of his neighbor's success has foes in his heart who can bring more bitterness into his life than can any outside enemy.

If the way the money has been obtained could be written out over donors names in the walls of churches, how many would blush to read some of the inscriptions.

This life would indeed be a blank, this world a dreary and desolate waste, if, after a misfortune has befallen us, we had no friend to call in and say, "I told you so."

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor a man.

The Tyrant's Hour.

Let every sound be dead!
Baby sleeps,
The Emperor softly treads!
Baby sleeps.
Let Mozart's music stop,
Let Phidias' chisel drop!
Baby sleeps.
Demosthenes be dumb!
Our tyrant's hour has come,
Baby sleeps.
—*Washington Star.*

Mr. J. D. L. Harvey, proprietor of the Palace Market, Chicago, writes that he spent $2,000 in trying to cure his wife of rheumatism, and that St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all else failed to bring about. He says it is a greater discovery than electricity.

A Denver man drives a team of elks capable of going one hundred miles a day.

When a man's notes are readily endorsed, his credit is good. When public men endorse Red Star Cough Cure as being safe, sure and free from poisons, you may be certain it is a great discovery. Price 25 cents.

The king's palace in Corea is now lighted with electricity of the Yankee brand.

For removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in thousands of cases, has cured a cough in a few days.

LONDON has 300,000 dogs. New York has 500,000.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

CAN IT BE THAT THE DANGER INDICATED IS UNIVERSAL.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.

SIR:—On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I have always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds, and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that *I had no pain* in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land, I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death! Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly! My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me, but this I thought was *a good sign* for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 25 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's safe cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe *more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys.* This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every of her common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, including all from their ancestors, have died and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy or heart disease.

As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers is such as I was in, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all this professional and personal consequences. J. B. TENTION, M. D.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 8, .

Power of Tidal Waves.

The enormous power of ocean tidal waves has frequently been illustrated, notably when a United States war vessel was carried two miles inland on the coast of South America and left stranded there. A fresh instance, even more remarkable, is reported from Batavia as a result of the Krakatoa earthquake, which was the supposed cruse of last year's red sunsets. Great masses of white coral weighing several tons, some of them estimated at from thirty to fifty tons in weight, were torn from their rocky beds and carried several miles in shore. The war vessel was light enough to float, and it only required sufficient depth of water to carry her inland for two miles, but these masses of coral must have offered great resistance to the onward flow of the wave. The story of the great convulsion of nature has still to be told in its entirety.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Death from exposure" was the verdict recently rendered by a Helena (M. T.) jury on the body of a horse thief who had been hanged by vigilantes.

RED STAR TRADE MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc. etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Terrapin Becoming Scarce.

The famous and aristocratic diamond-back terrapin, which at this season of the year the city's dainty epicure praises and devours, is fast disappearing from our marshes, says a Queen Anne (Md.) letter to the Baltimore *American*. Though the great portion of Baltimore's terrapin supply comes from the Virginias, yet in past years the number shipped from this county was by no means inconsiderable. As the merits of this edible animal became more widely appreciated, its market value grew in proportion, and the industry of terrapin-catching employed large numbers. Two winters ago 600 diamond-backs were shipped from the southwestern portion of Queen Anne's, realizing about $1,800 to the shippers. Many hunters then averaged $20 per day in this pursuit. The average ruling price in the city market is from $33 to $40 per dozen counts, i. e., each terrapin in the dozen should measure six inches across the under shell. This is a fact not very generally known, and the retail dealers often take advantage of this ignorance upon the part of their customers. Owing to the energy with which this pursuit has been pushed of late years in this county the terrapin supply is rapidly failing, and unless legislative interference is undertaken it will be a matter of only a few years before the luscious crawler will become extinct in our marshes.

The American colony in Paris numbers about 3,000 people, but the shopkeepers say it is worth more to the trade of the French capital than its 30,000 Germans and 28,000 Italians combined.

SCIENCE IS APPROACHING the cure of consumption—a disease caused by a deposit from the blood of impure matter in the lungs. For stimulating to healthy action the spleen, liver, kidneys and organs skin, which remove waste and poisonous matter, no Remedy is equal to DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE.—Albert A. Larson, of Kirkman, Ia., writes to the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam: "I firmly believe my wife would have died of consumption, if not for the timely use of your Balsam." Price 25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle, at Druggists.

THE death rate in Dakota is only five in the 1,000.

What Would the World Do

without woman? asks the essayist who starts out to say something new on this oft-treated subject. Of course, the human element of the world would not exist without woman, so the question is gratuitous. It would have been more sensible to ask: What would the world do without the salvation of woman, without a panacea for her physical ills and cure for her peculiar diseases. In a word, what would the world do without Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the great remedy for female weaknesses? It is indispensable for the ills of womankind.

UNCLE SAM'S liquor bill last year was $553,000,000.

Nightmare,

sick-headache, depression of spirits, and want of ambition are symptoms of a diseased liver. The lungs, stomach and bowels are all in sympathy. Life is only a living death. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" acts upon the torpid liver, and effectually removes all these difficulties and disorders. New mental feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper all disappear.

GREAT BRITAIN has only 60,000 acres of market garden.

Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise showing sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

KENTUCKY has furnished eleven speakers of the House.

Four-score years and ten have not seen the equal of Ely's Cream Balm as a remedy for Catarrh, Cold in the